Living my life as a sock, I've come to accept certain living arrangements. One of the most common living arrangements is that I tend to live in shoe boxes. Now, don't get me wrong here. I do enjoy living in a shoe box, they're full of lots of paper and basically anything that a sock puppet would ever need or want. The thing that I don't like or enjoy, is that I get tossed in the dryer once in a while. Have you ever been inside of a dryer? Oy, I thought I was going to get fried!

The washing-machine was fun, all of those fun different cycles of washing and rinsing, sure makes ya feel clean and all. The dryer was a different type of shoe box. There was this ghost in there that tends to snatch up a sock from a pair so you don't have two socks anymore and are missing one sock altogether. I've often wondered if that's where my matching partner went. I mean, I'm a Sock Puppet, and so there must be more like me right? So yeah, I just wonder if the ghost in the dryer took my partner away from me. Will I ever see that other Sock Puppet again? Things that make you go hmmmmmm.

Wow, I've just been told that the dryer isn't a shoe box at all! Oh my, what on earth is this world coming to? Next thing you'll tell me is that a Sock Puppet isn't a real living, breathing entity, and that we're just here for your amusement... what's that you say? OH MY!!! Excuse me while I go contact every living soul on the face of the earth. This insanity has to be stopped!