

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

# The Mystery of the Missing Socks

by EasyReadStories.com

Alex groaned as he rummaged through his sock drawer. “Where are all my fluffy socks?” he muttered. “First my red ones, then my blue ones, and now my rainbow pair?”

From his perch by the window, Pickles, Alex’s parrot, flapped his wings and squawked. “Sock doom! Sock doom!”

“Tater Tot!” Alex called to his dog, who was snoozing in the corner. The little dog opened one eye, gave a guilty wag of his tail, and pretended to snore louder.

“This is serious,” Alex said. “We’re going to solve the mystery of the missing socks!”

## The Glittery Tunnel

Alex pulled his flashlight from under the bed. That’s when he saw it—a tunnel. A glittering, sparkly tunnel!

“Pickles, get the map! Tater Tot, bring your nose!” Alex ordered.

Pickles squawked, “I don’t do tunnels!” but flew down to perch on Alex’s shoulder anyway. Tater Tot barked and wagged his tail, already excited to investigate.

The trio crawled through the tunnel until they popped out into the backyard. Tater Tot sniffed the ground, his tail wagging so hard it looked like a tiny propeller.

“What’s this?” Alex asked. A shiny trail of glitter led toward the garden shed.

“Sock ghosts!” Pickles whispered dramatically.

“There’s no such thing as sock ghosts,” Alex said. “Right, Tater Tot?” The dog barked and accidentally sneezed glitter all over them.

## Clues in the Shed

Inside the garden shed, they found a pile of mismatched socks. Big ones, small ones, striped ones—none of them fluffy.

“Something is definitely up,” Alex said, examining a sock with tiny bite marks.

“I told you, sock ghosts!” Pickles insisted.

Alex shook his head. “Let’s set a trap!”

## The Sock Trap

Alex lined up mismatched socks leading back to the tunnel. At the end of the trail, he placed a particularly fluffy sock with sparkly stars.

“Let’s see who can resist this,” Alex whispered as they all hid behind a bush.

Tater Tot almost gave them away when he tried to eat one of the bait socks. “Not now, Tater!” Alex whispered, pulling the sock from his dog’s mouth.

## The Mystery of the Missing Socks - page 2

### Meeting Snizzle

Just as the moon rose, a shadow appeared. It was small and round, with shaggy purple fur that sparkled in the light. It had big green eyes, tiny hands, and a nose that twitched like a rabbit's. The creature sniffed the fluffy sock, its tail (which looked like a feather duster) wagging with excitement.

"Gotcha!" Alex shouted, jumping out.

The creature squeaked in surprise, throwing socks everywhere. It curled into a ball, its nose quivering.

"Wait," Alex said gently. "Why are you taking my socks?"

The creature peeked out with watery eyes. "I only take the fluffiest ones," it sniffled. "They're soft and cozy, and they remind me of clouds. But now everyone's mad at me."

Alex frowned. "You're lonely, aren't you?"

The creature nodded. "I'm Snizzle," it said. "I didn't mean to cause trouble. I just wanted something nice to cuddle."

### A New Plan

Alex thought for a moment. "How about this—you help us find lost socks around town instead of stealing them. We'll make it your new job!"

Snizzle's eyes sparkled. "You mean it? I can be the Sock Hero?"

"Of course!" Alex grinned. "But first, give back my rainbow socks."

Snizzle dug into his fur and pulled out the missing socks. "Sorry about that," Snizzle murmured, a little bit embarrassed.

### The Sock Parade

Alex worked hard every day to make good on his promise to make Snizzle the Sock Hero.

A week later, the neighborhood was so grateful to have their socks back that they held a Sock Parade. Snizzle marched proudly at the front, wearing a cape Alex made from a scarf. Pickles squawked out a silly song:

"Fluffy socks and happy feet,  
No more socks for Snizzle to eat!"

Even Tater Tot got an award for "Most Helpful Detective," though Alex wasn't sure he deserved it.

