

The Night of the Mismatched Socks

Ona had invited four friends over for a sleepover on Halloween night. They wore striped pajamas, capes, animal slippers, and brought enough popcorn to fill a bathtub. Before going to bed, they all left their socks by the stairs.

After a while, a lilac sock disappeared. Then, a green one with stars. Finally, only mismatched socks remained.

Ona took a toy magnifying glass and followed a trail of thread to the attic. The door was half open. Inside, among trunks and bat garlands, something was sneezing.

“Achoo!”

The children discovered a tiny, furry monster. His name was Mico, and he had built a little house out of socks. He wore an orange one as a hat and a blue one as a blanket.

“The attic is cold,” he explained. “I was going to return them before breakfast.”

One of Ona’s friends wanted them back right away, but Ona saw the little monster trembling. They found a cardboard box, scraps of

clothing, and an old scarf. Together, they built a house with a door, a window, and a roof that wouldn’t fall down.

Mico returned every single sock, even though some were a little stretched out. To organize them, the children formed a parade: stripes with stripes, stars with stars, monsters with monsters. The two socks without a mate were paired up.

The next day, when the families arrived, they found the children asleep in the dining room and a row of socks reaching all the way up to the attic. Ona didn’t tell Mico’s secret. She simply left a clean sock outside his door every cold night.

Over time, the village’s mismatched socks began to find new uses: puppets, sachets, clothes for dolls, or little blankets for Mico. And in Ona’s house, losing a matching sock was no longer a tragedy, but the beginning of a new story.