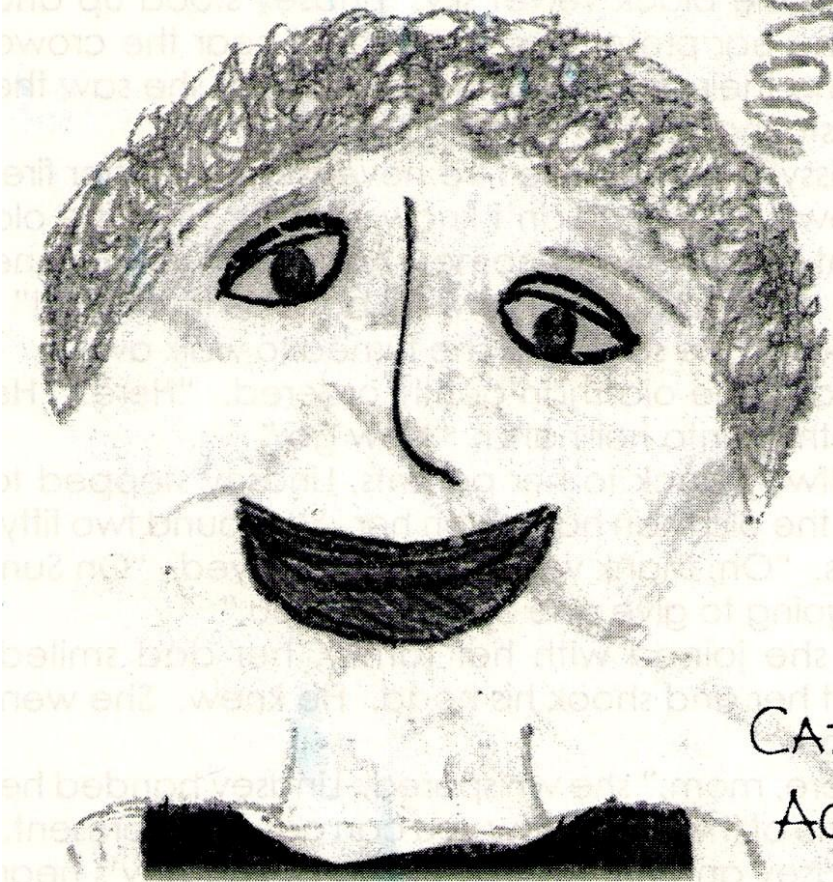


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I hope you enjoy my story.



CAITLIN
AGE 10

“The Glove Monster!”

by TJ Fritz

I can *never* find my gloves! They're not where they're supposed to be, wherever that is. My mother yells, "Where are your gloves?" I wish I knew. I really do. But I don't.

Once I gathered every glove I could find. There were seventeen, sixteen for my left hand and one for my right, and that one didn't match any of the others. You'd think that gloves would get lost in pairs, but they don't.

When you see a glove somewhere, all alone, don't you wonder how it got there? Did it slip off somebody's hand? Did it fall from the sky? Is it lonely? It just sits there, patiently waiting, hoping to be found.

Gloves would make good citizens because they always do their job and never complain. They never cause trouble, except when they get lost. And that's not their fault.

My mother always says there is a “Sock Monster” that lives in the laundry room. Every time she washes clothes a sock disappears. She says, "The Sock Monster got another one!"

I think there's a Glove Monster. It probably knows the Sock Monster. They might even be friends. The Glove Monster probably lurks at night. He never bothers kids. But, while they're sleeping, he sneaks in and snatches their gloves. I tried telling my mother about the Glove Monster, but she didn't believe me, even though she believes in the Sock Monster.

It must be horrible being a glove without a mate. Eventually, it's forgotten. Nobody throws it away because they're hoping the missing one will reappear. But it never does, until you throw away the one you have. That's when the Glove Monster comes back in the middle of the night and returns the one he took.

I wish gloves could talk. Then if you dropped one it could yell, "Hey! Get back here! Pick me up!" Or, if you were searching in a dark closet it could say, "Hey! Over here!" A talking glove might even admit there *really* is a Glove Monster. Maybe then Mom would believe me.

Everybody knows there's a Dog Heaven. There *must* be a Glove Heaven too. I'll bet there are zillions of gloves there. In Glove Heaven God probably has bands of angels who sort gloves so that each one has a mate. If I left a note for the Glove Monster, maybe he would give my seventeen unmatched gloves to an angel who could bring them to Glove Heaven. Then all my gloves would be together again. Forever!

*** * * The End * * ***