

Find the Lost Pink!



Tess liked socks a lot. She liked spots and frills and zigzag stitches that tickled her toes. Every morning, Tess washed her socks, dried them, and sorted them into neat sets. Not one sock was left **unmatched**. Then she held the socks to her chest and shut her eyes. 'My socks,' she whispered.





Most of her socks sat in a big box under her bed. But her best socks got a small box, tucked inside the big box. Tess wore them just on big days, like her birthday and photo day. Until then, they sat **unworn**. Tess lifted the small box and held it to her chest. She peeked inside to check that her best socks were still there. 'Perfect,' she whispered.

In the morning, Tess lifted the lid, but the small box was empty. She shook it, turned it, and looked at the gap where her best socks should sit.

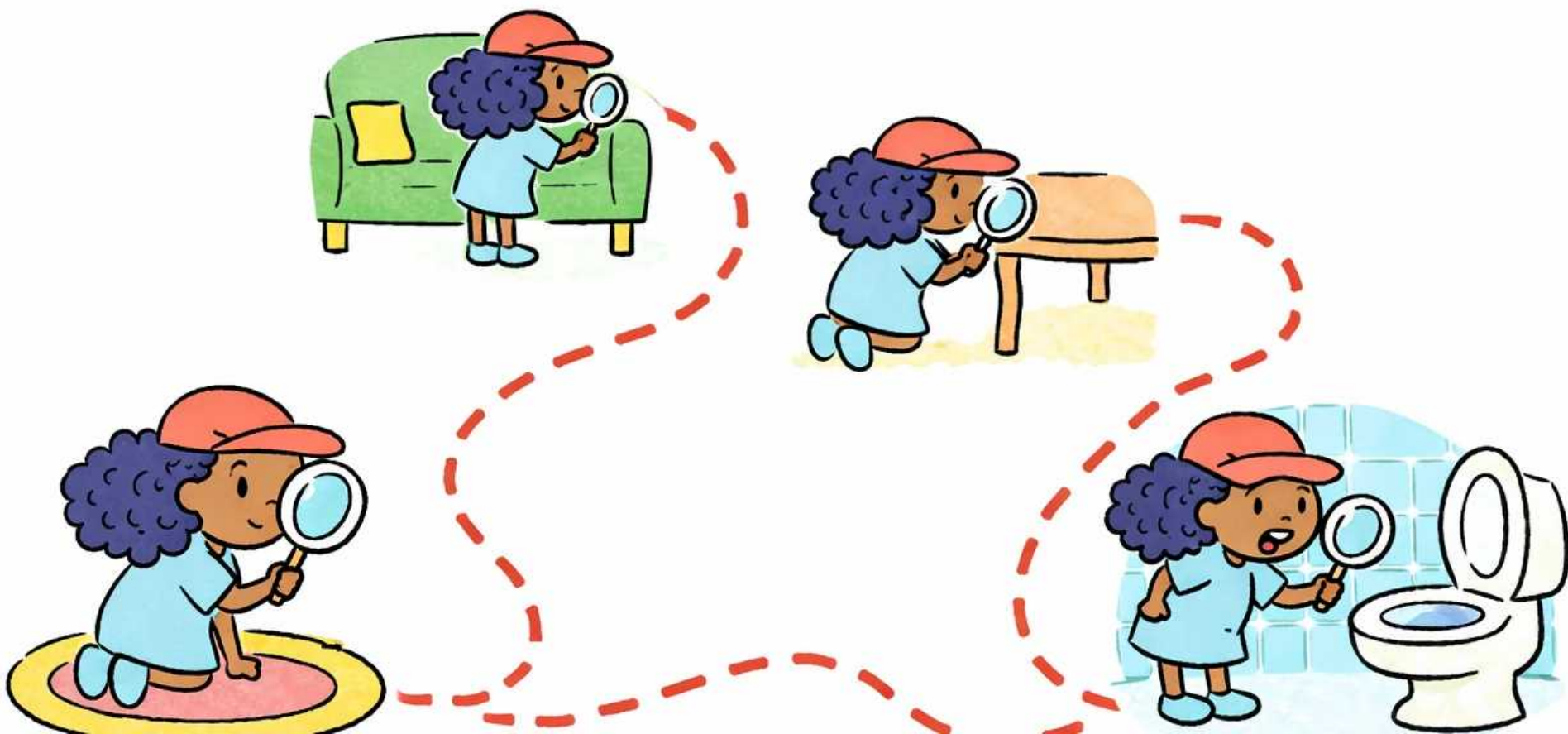
Tess felt **uneasy**. 'My socks!' she gasped. 'My best socks are missing!' She yanked on her cap and pulled on two socks that did not match. Then she marched past Mum. 'I am on the case,' she said.





Tess shut her eyes and looked at the socks in her mind. They were pink, with purple frills and purple spots in the middle. The toes and heels were purple too. In her mind, the socks were perfect and **unspoiled**. 'Those socks are the best socks in the world,' Tess said. But she was talking to an empty room, and the room said nothing at all.

Tess picked up her looking glass. Not glasses, a looking glass, much more fun to use. She checked inside the couch and looked at all the dust and crumbs. She peeked under the table, but the socks were not down there. She checked **unlikely** spots too. She lifted the toilet lid and looked inside. 'No socks in there,' Tess said.





Tess did not give up. A good detective never gives up. Then something on the floor caught her eye. It was a scrap of fabric with spots on it. Tess held up her looking glass and looked. Purple spots on pink. That was her sock! 'This was cut up,' Tess whispered. 'Who cut up my sock? How **unkind!**'

Tess found more scraps. The trail went to Mum's room.

Tess pressed up to the door and held her looking glass to the small round window.

She peeked in, **unseen**.

Inside, Mum was bent over her stitching tool. Mum did not look up. 'What are you making in there?' Tess whispered.





Tess pushed the door open. She was so **unhappy**. 'Mum! You took my best socks!' Mum did not look up. 'Those socks had so many holes, Tess. Your toes were poking out like little worms.' 'I do not want to talk about holes!' Tess said. 'I just want my socks back.' But then Mum held something up, and Tess gasped.

Mum had turned the socks into a doll. It had curls, just like Tess, and a little hat, just like Tess's cap. The frills sat around its neck, and the tiny stitches were so neat. The doll looked **unreal**.

Tess took the doll in both hands. 'It looks like me,' Tess said. 'Mum, it looks like me but smaller.'





Tess threw both arms around Mum and held on so hard that Mum was almost **unable** to stand. 'This is better than socks,' Tess said. 'This is better than all the socks in the world.' Then Tess held up the doll and looked at Mum with wide eyes. 'Wait, Mum. Can you turn any old sock into a doll?' Mum said yes. Tess had the best smile ever. 'So how many old socks do we have?'

Tess took Mum by the hand and pulled her fast from room to room. 'Check the drawers! Check the boxes! Check under everything!' Tess said. Tess dug into a big box of **unsorted** socks and lifted up a stripy sock. 'Dad has lots of worn-out socks,' Tess said. 'His socks always have holes in them!'





Dad's socks were so big that Mum could make two dolls from just one sock. Tess stuffed the socks with soft scraps while Mum stitched, and soon the bed was a crowd of tiny sock dolls. 'We can make one for every friend I have,' Tess said, counting on both hands. Then Tess looked down at her own two mismatched socks and wiggled ten toes. 'You are next,' Tess told her **unlucky** socks.



Find the Lost Pink!

Tess loves her socks more than anything, sorted into neat pairs, with her very best pair kept safe in a secret little box. One morning the box is empty. Who would dare take Tess's best socks, and why? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 103: un-), this book practises words like 'uneasy', 'unkind', 'unlikely', 'unhappy', 'unworn'.

Phonics Focus: un-

unable, uneasy, unhappy, unkind, unlikely, unlucky, unmatched, unreal, unseen, unsorted, unspoiled, unworn

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