

Post No. 15

GUILTY

After Harley left to go back to New York, I felt really good about some things and really bad about others.

- I felt really good about the fact that I had helped Harley to stop snoring.
- I felt really good about the fact that I had helped that New York family of gerbils to get back into the habit of sleeping at night.
- I felt really bad about Diana's socks.

I must say that I felt more bad than good.

- What if Diana's feet were cold?
- What if Diana had been looking everywhere for her thermal socks?
- What if Diana really missed her thermal socks?

Those thoughts were swirling around and around in circles in my head. I felt completely and utterly guilty.

I decided that I had to make things right with Diana (or, to be exact, with Diana's feet), so I rolled up my beloved sleeping bag and went to see Diana.



Diana was outside on the balcony when I found her. She was not wearing any socks, and her feet looked a little cold.



Holding out my sleeping bag to her, I said, "Hello, Diana. I think I have something that belongs to you."

"Oh, Harrison, my thermal sock! Thank you so much! I had wondered where that was. You didn't happen to see the other one, did you? I am worried that it might be lost."

"Don't worry! I am completely and utterly certain that it is most definitely not lost. In fact, I have seen it."

"Do you know where it is? Can you get it for me so that I will have both of my thermal socks?"

"I could possibly get it for you, but it would create a big problem in New York... or, to



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be more exact about things, a loud problem in New York."

"I don't understand, Harrison. How could my missing thermal sock have anything to do with New York?"

I had no choice but to explain to Diana about Harley and her snoring.

Diana said, "Oh, so my other sock is in New York, is it?"

I looked at the floor and said, "Yes, except if Harley is away travelling. Then your sock is wherever Harley happens to be."

"I thought your sleeping bag looked just like one of my thermal socks. Have you been sleeping in my sock?" Diana asked me, holding up my sleeping bag and looking very stern.

"Yes," I replied, looking at the floor.

"And you gave my other sock to Harley and encouraged her to take it to New York?"

"Yes," I replied, looking at the floor.

Diana was about to say something else, but I felt terrible. I burst into tears. I said, "I'm guilty. Your feet are cold and it is all my fault. I should never have taken your socks!"

Diana held out her arms to me for a hug. She said, "Harrison, you do take yourself very seriously! Do you really believe I could get angry with you over some missing socks? You have actually given back one of my socks, and you meant well when you said that Harley could keep the other one. I think she and those New York gerbils need that sock much more than I do."

I felt much better after Diana said that, but what she said next made me feel better

still. Holding out my sleeping bag, she said, "Why don't you keep this sock? I can't use one sock on its own, and it looks like a great sleeping bag to me."



"Thank you, Diana. It is a wonderful sleeping bag!" I said, happy to get my beloved sleeping bag back. "I would like to treat you to some new socks. It is the least I can do to make it up to you."

"That is very nice of you, Harrison," said Diana, smiling.

I bought Diana three new pairs of thermal socks using money that had just been taking up space under my hat. I was so glad to make things right with Diana (or, to be exact, with Diana's feet).



I think that the moral of this blog post is so clear that I do not have to write it all out in the usual way. I will say this, though. You can never have too many socks.

Bye for now!

Harrison Hamster I
26th November 2011