



Pat's Very Long Sock



Pat the cat sat at knit club in the back of the cloth shop. She wanted to knit a sock for Tom, because his legs got cold when he walked home.



Tom sat by her and munched a bun. Crumbs
fell on his vest. Pat liked to chat. She told
Tom about a wren's nest by the pond.



She told him about a lamb who climbed up a hill and would not come down. Click, click, click went her knitting.



She did not look down once. When she was done, Pat looked at her lap. "Oh no!" she said. "I did not know when to stop!"



The sock was as long as a snake. It was full of knots and wrinkles, and it went all the way under the bench. Tom held it up to his leg.



It went past his knee and made a pile on the rug. "It is all wrong," said Pat. "I wrecked it. I will have to start again." Tom thought for a bit.



Then he wrapped the sock around his neck. He wrapped it five times, and he still had a bit to tuck in with his thumb. "It is not wrong," said Tom with a grin.



"My neck gets cold too. I like it best this way." Pat laughed. "Then I will knit you a hat," she said. "But this time, tap my wrist when it is time to stop!"