

Socks and the Toddler of Terror

Inspired by
Beverly Cleary's Socks

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Socks watched Mrs.Bricker as she gave Charles William some pieces of pancake on his high chair tray. Picking up the syrup, Mrs.Bricker paused and put the maple syrup back on the counter. Hearing the dryer ding, Mrs.Bricker left the kitchen. Socks went and sat by Charles William's high chair. Seeing his mother had left, Charles William began to reach across to the counter. Socks laid down and began cleaning himself waiting to see if Charles William would drop anything. Charles William was so close, there! He had a grip on the handle of the syrup bottle. Delighted, Charles William began pouring the syrup on his pancakes. Wanting to share his breakfast, Charles William lifted the syrup bottle, tipped it over, and poured it all over Socks. Just then Mrs.Bricker came back. For a second, Socks froze as the warm liquid ran down his fur. Then he bolted between Mrs.Bricker legs and sought refuge under the couch. Attempting to clean the sticky substance himself, Socks licked the back of his neck. Yuck. It tasted sweet and made his tongue stick in his mouth. Soon Mrs.Bricker came over and bent down by the couch. Slowly reaching her hand under, Mrs.Bricker grabbed Socks and put him in the sink. Giving her a disdainful look Socks complained through his whole bath. This wasn't the first time Charles William ruined Socks' afternoon. As he was getting older Charles William was becoming a real menace.

Socks was sleeping under the bed. Socks was dreaming about chasing robins in the backyard. The Brickers were in the living room playing with Charles William. Suddenly they got very loud. Socks tried to ignore them but their cries of delight and clapping was enough to piqued his curiosity. Slowly he walked from the bedroom towards their voices. When he got there he saw a strange thing. Charles William who had up until now been scooting around on his hands and knees was standing up and unsteadily walking over to Mr.Bricker.

Charles William learned fast, soon he was walking everywhere. It was so much faster than crawling and standing up he could reach more things like the car keys on the table or door knobs. When Charles William started crawling Mr.Bricker installed a cat door for the laundry room big enough for Socks but not for Charles William. This was intended to keep Charles William out of the cat litter. However now he stood in front of the laundry room door grabbing the handle and pulled down. Leaning on the door it swung open. Charles William saw Socks and said, "Kitty!" Surprised Socks jumped out of the litter box and onto the dryer. Then Charles William step in his litter box and began play with his litter. Socks watched as Charles William spilled litter all over the floor. Soon Charles William got bored and tried to get Socks off the dryer. The door opened and Mrs.Bricker came to Socks' rescue. When Mr.Bricker was told about this incident, he installed a lock on the door

Over the next couple of days the Brickers kept moving the chairs and tables and lamps and plants around. Everything had to have a new arrangement to keep Charles William out of trouble. Socks had to adjust to all the changes again and again. Now there was a playpen under the window, box of toys in the corner, and the couch was on the far wall. If the changes in furniture weren't enough, one day when Socks was gazing out the laundry room window he heard the front door opening. Quickly Socks ran to the door. Maybe Mrs.Bricker had gone to the store and brought back a treat. Standing in the entryway was Mrs.Bricker. Next to her was Charles William and another child his size! Spotting the cat Charles William ran to Socks. Socks knew what was coming and ran to the laundry room. "Kitty," Charles William cried wanting to show his friend, but Socks had already taken sanctuary in the laundry room.