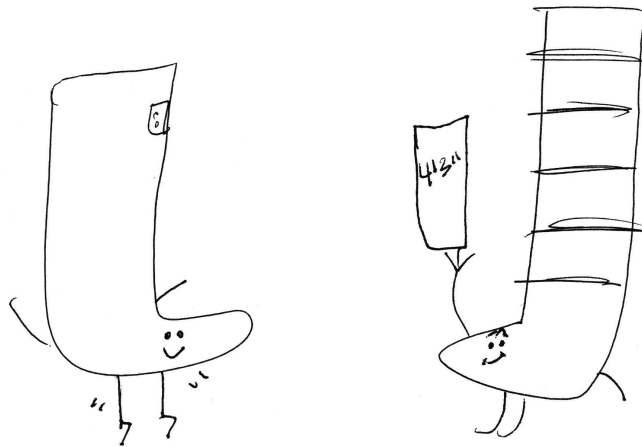


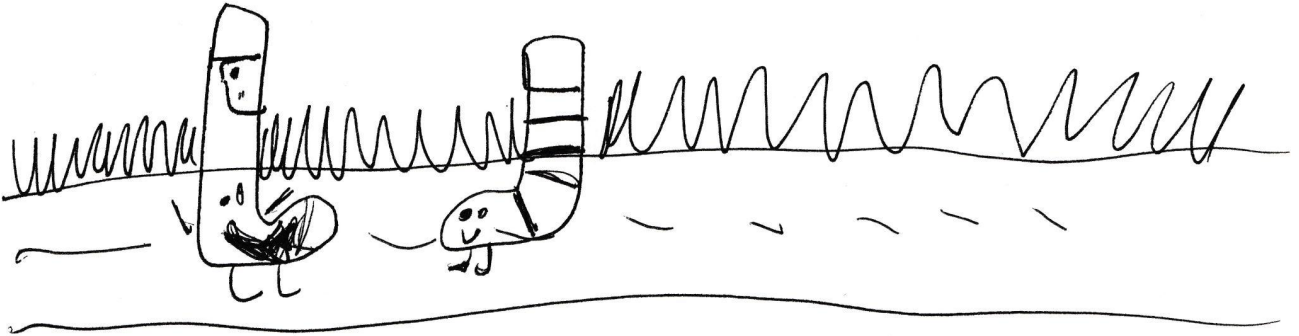
The Adventures of Sock and Boot

Sock and Boot Argue About
Who's Taller

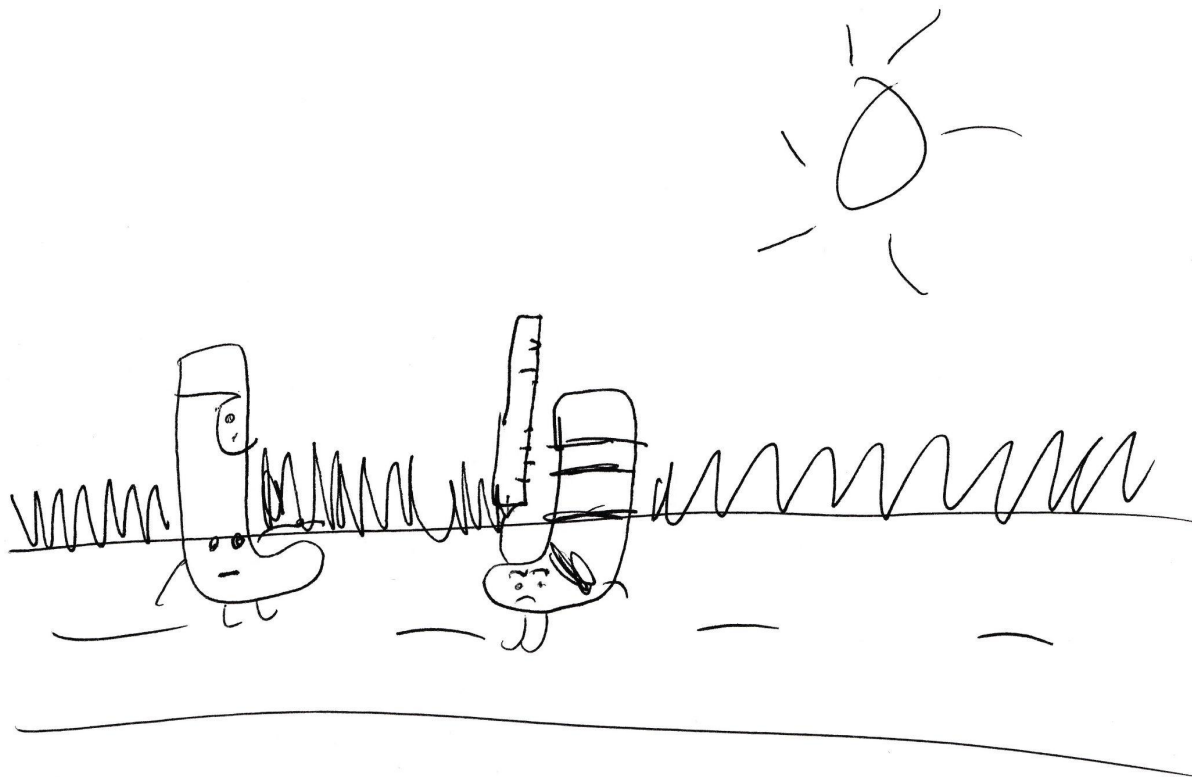


Written and Illustrated by
Eva and Hal

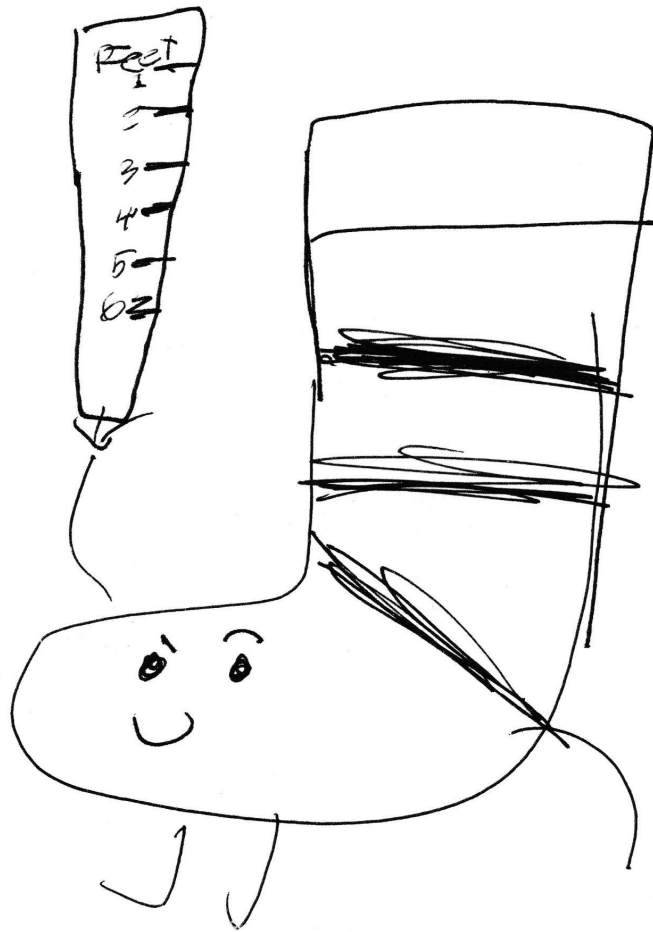
**Boot was on
a walk one day.
He passed a friend
while on his way.**



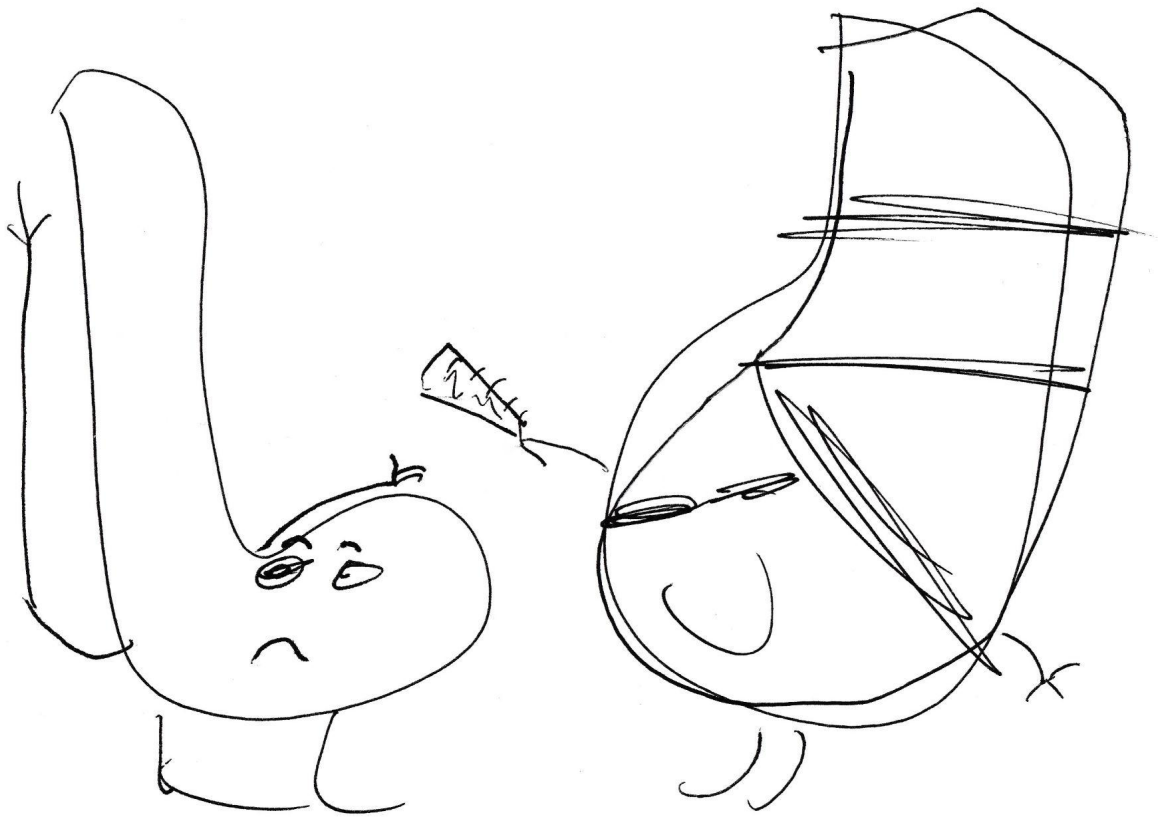
**“Good morning, Boot,”
said Sock, so droll.
“Care to join me
for a stroll?”**



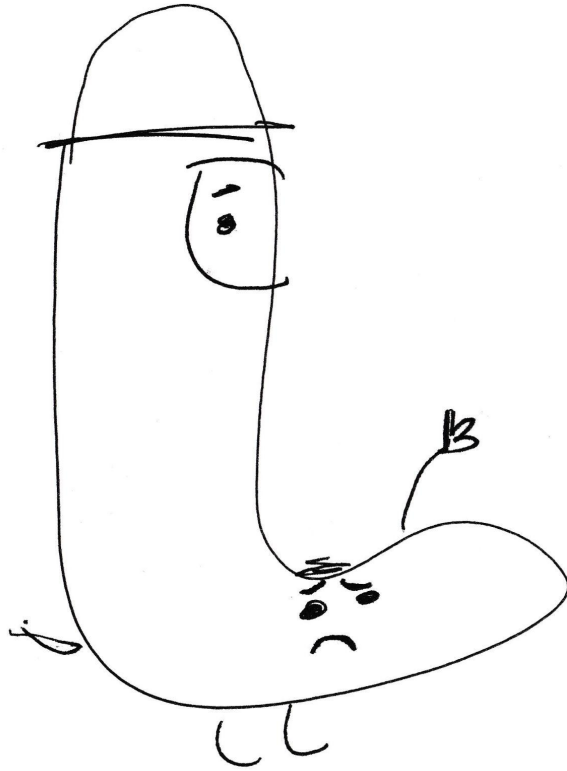
**“Yes, dear friend.
A walk sounds nice,
but I see you’ve got
a strange device.”**



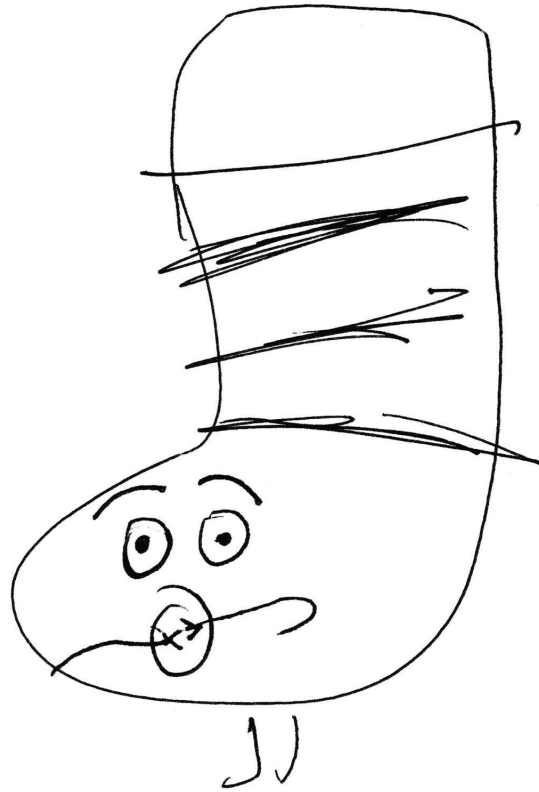
**“Oh this?” said Sock,
with great delight.
“It’s my new tool
to measure height.”**



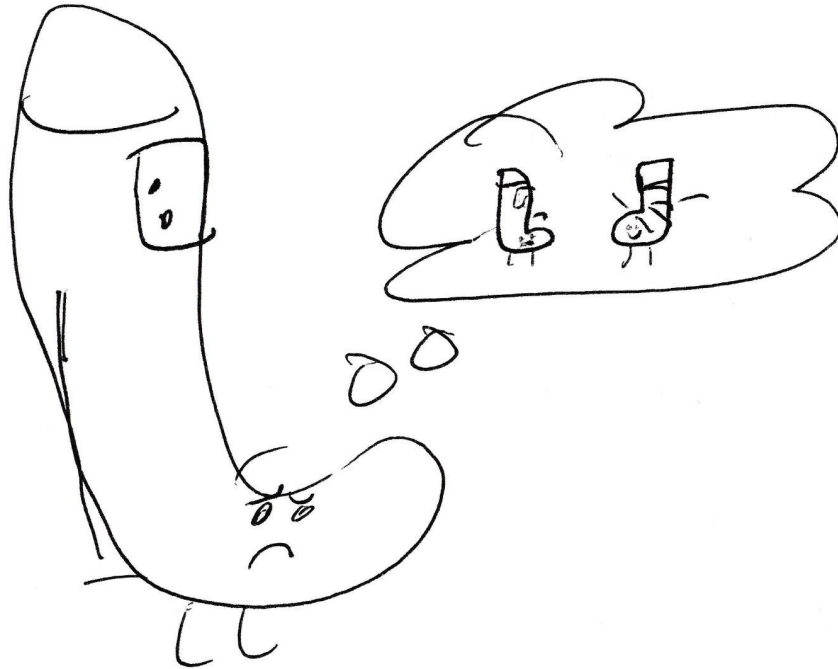
“I think I’m taller,
can I check?”
“Sure, just place it
round your neck.”



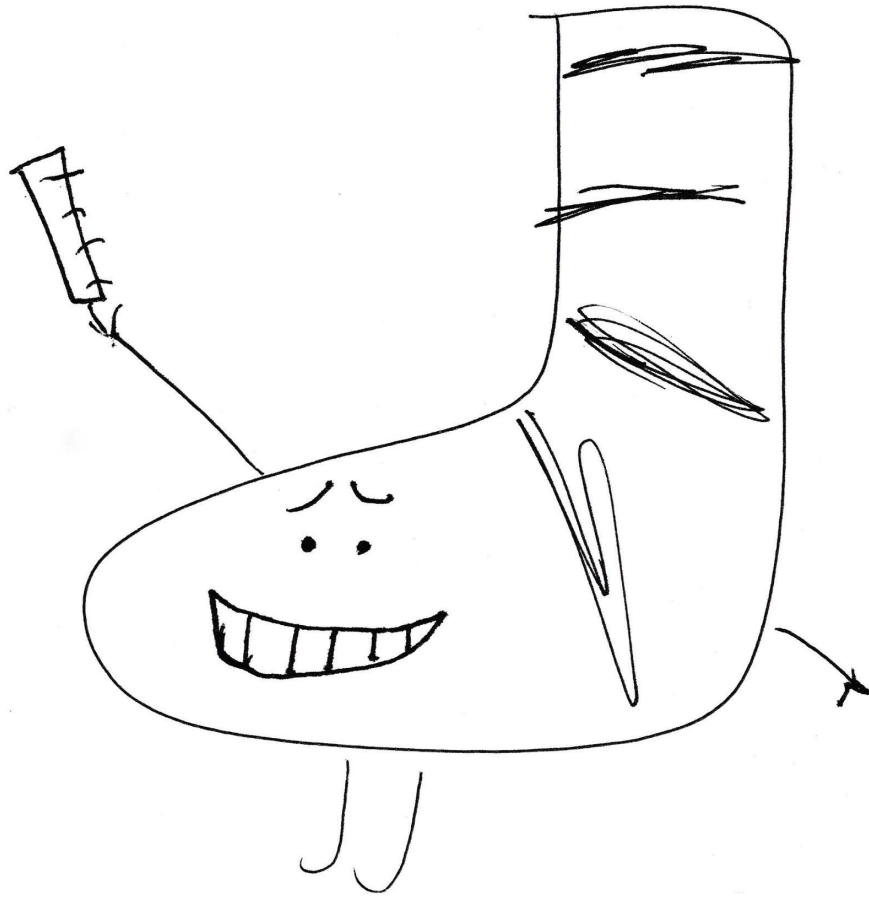
But Boot knew Sock
was smooth and slick.
“Ha, ha,” he said,
“I won’t buy that trick.”



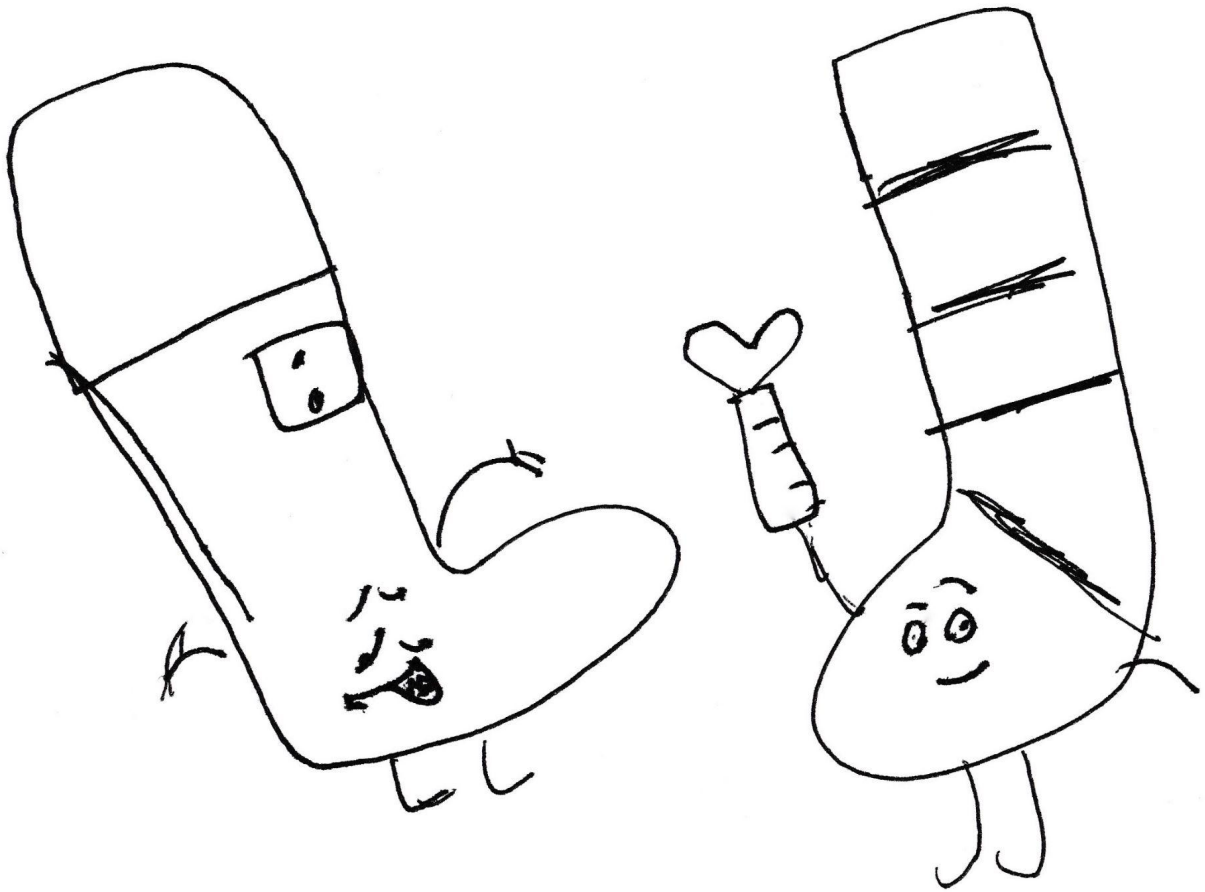
**“Who me?” said Sock,
his face aghast.
“I swore that swan trick
was my last.”**



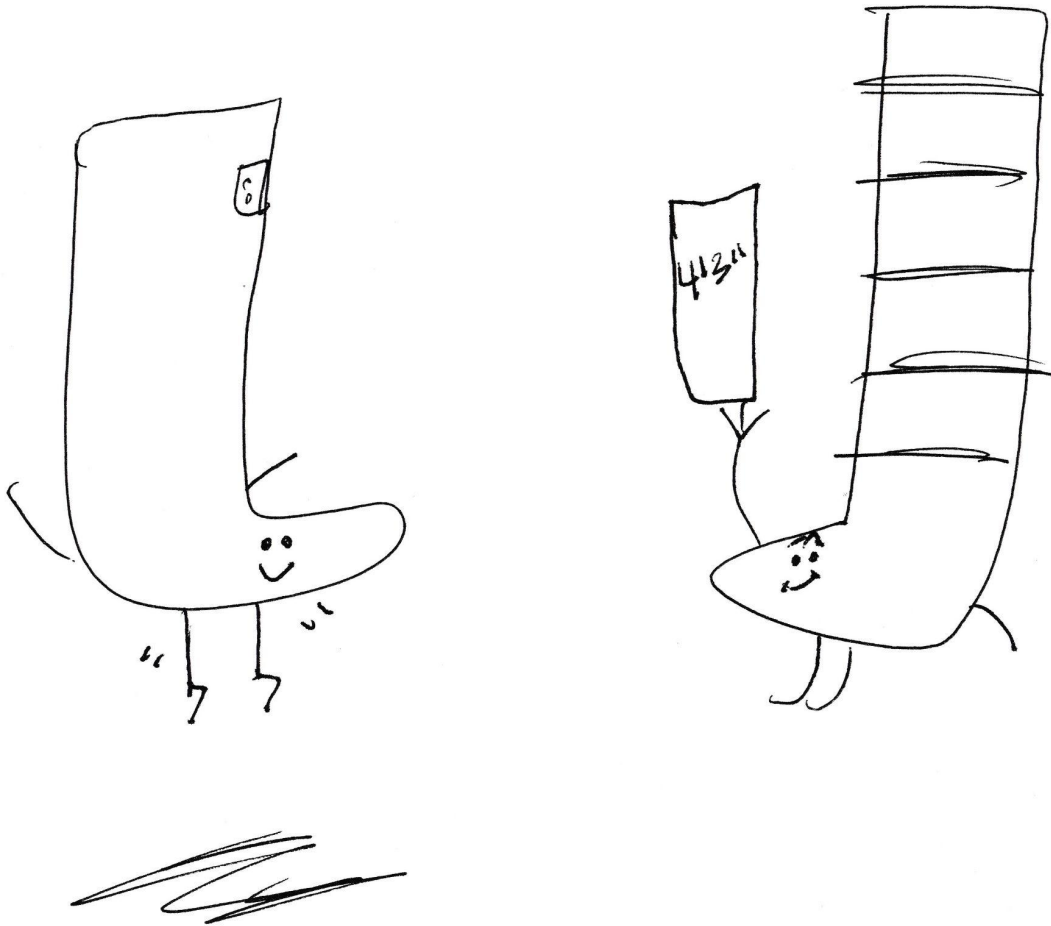
**“Yes yes, you did.
But I recall,
you said the same thing
just last fall.”**



**“I’m sorry, Boot,”
said Sock, real slow.
“Let’s measure you up
from head to toe.”**

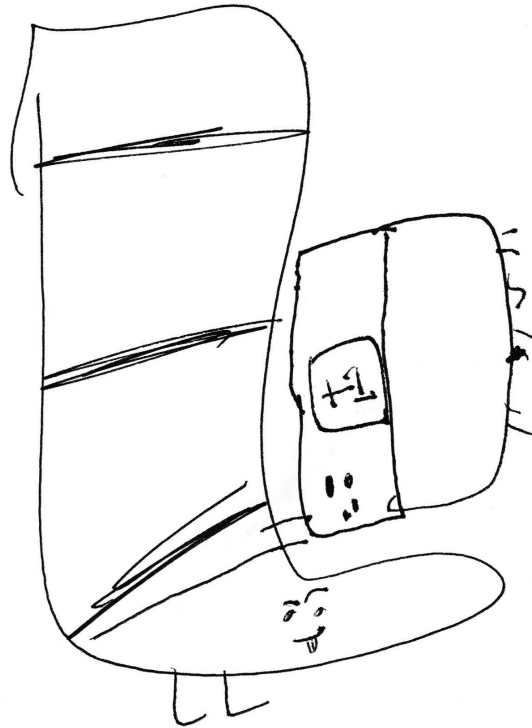


**“Go ahead,
you little devil,
but be sure to keep it
on the level.”**



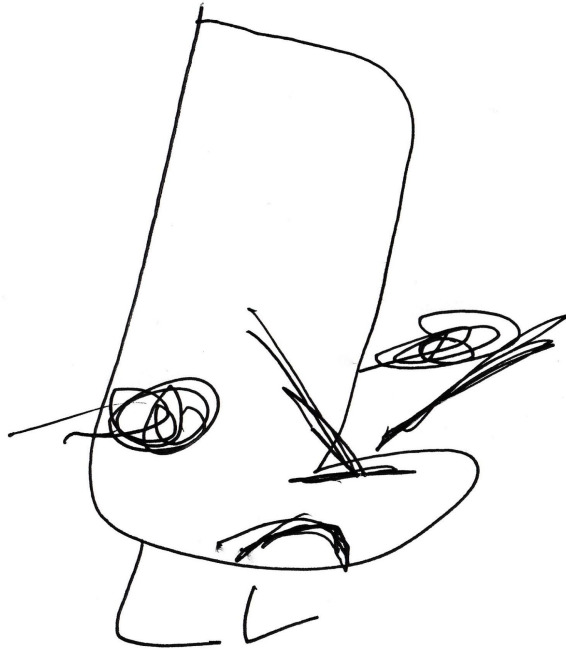
The job was done,
Sock bounced with glee.
“My dearest Boot,
you’re 4 foot, 3!”

But as Sock strode up
to take his turn,
he had one more trick
for Boot to learn.



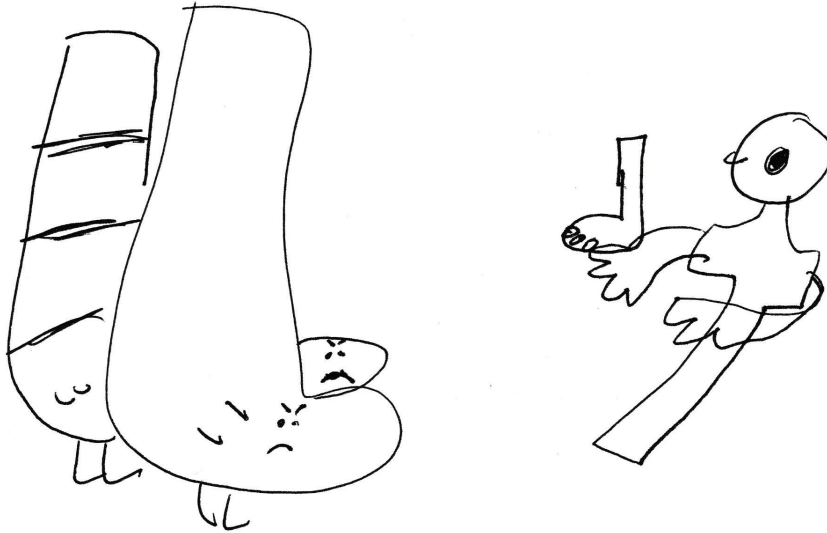
You see, last night,
he did input
a code to grant
an extra foot.

**“Outrageous!” yelled Boot.
he kicked and screamed.
“We must devise
another means.”**



**So he looked about,
for a truer test.
One that could prove
his height was best.**

And as they walked,
without a plan,
they came across
a one-eyed man.



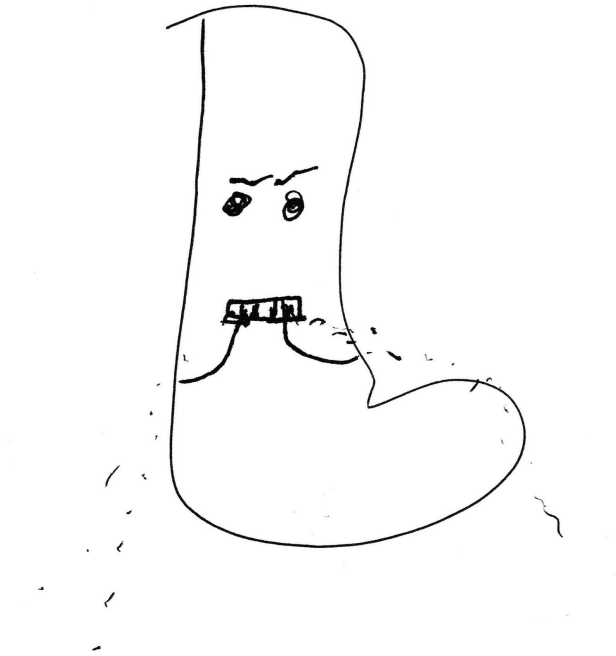
“Good day to you,”
Sock called out.
“And what is that
you’re carrying about?”

**“Oh this?” he said,
in a sheepish brogue.
“I borrowed it from
a sleeping rogue.”**

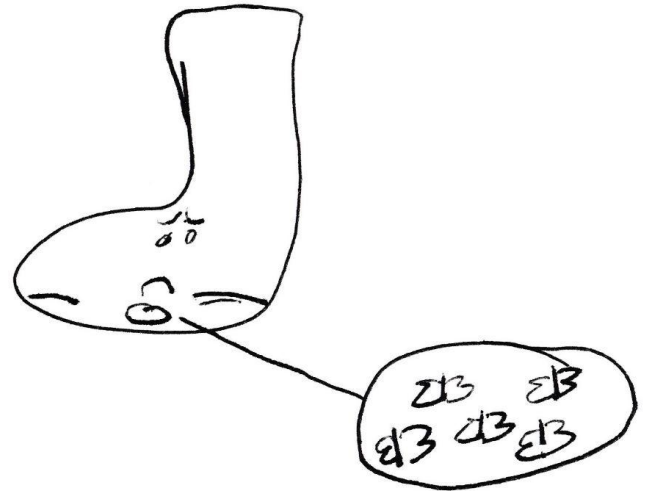
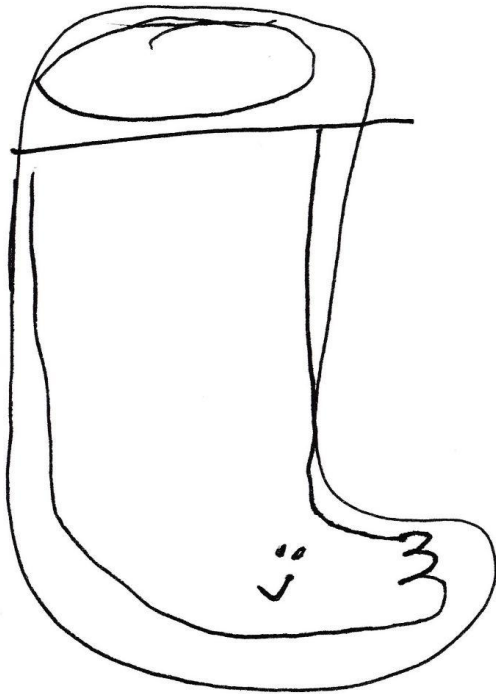


**“But hmm.. I say,
I must admit.
This foot, for Boot,
is a perfect fit.”**

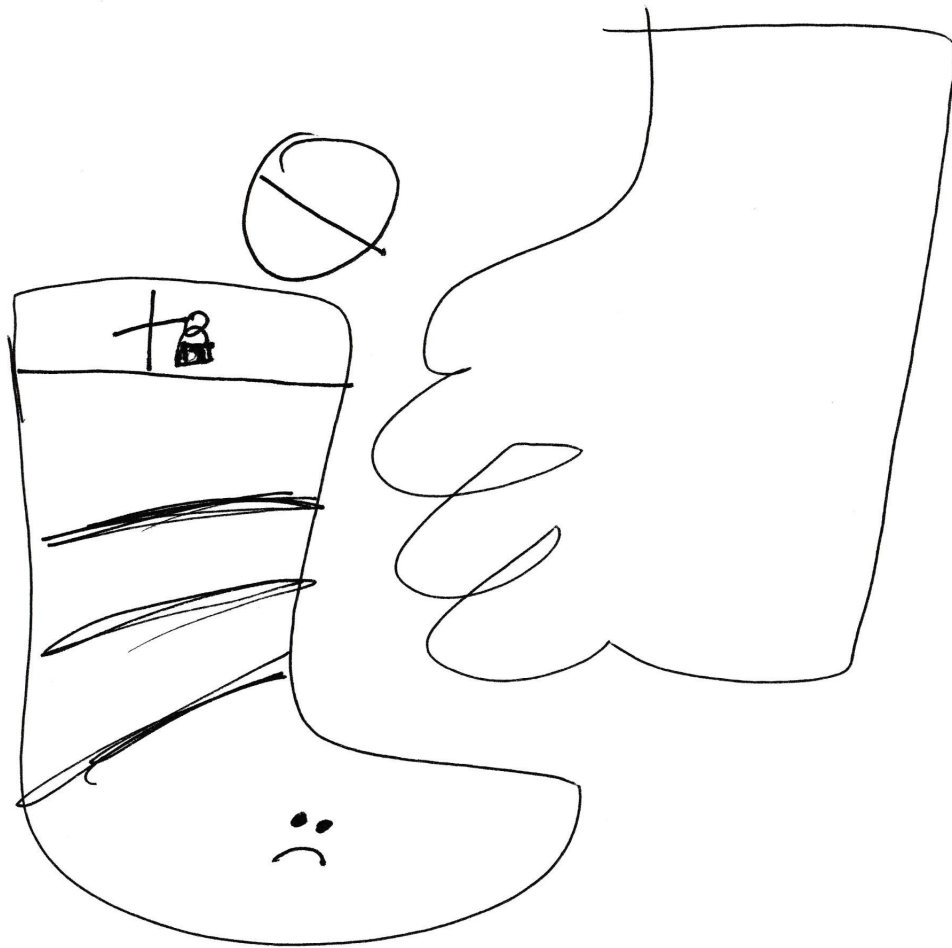
**And this is how
our Sock and Boot
came upon
their next pursuit.**



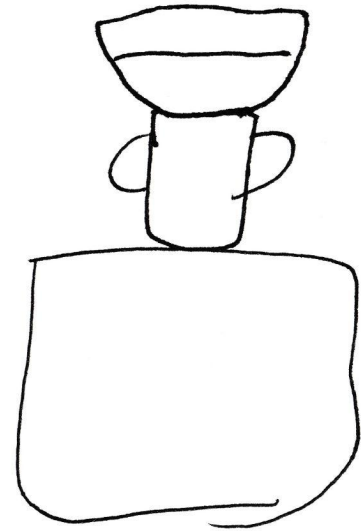
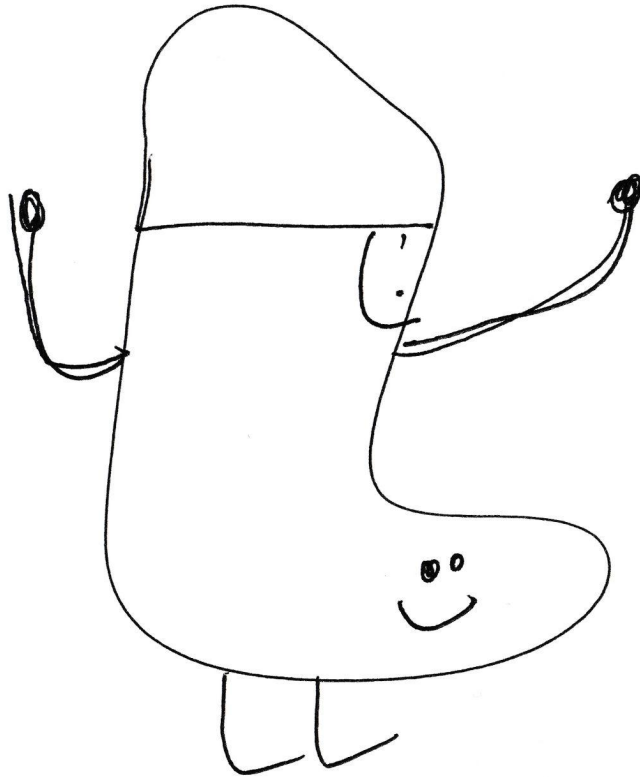
**Boot was first
to take the test.
Both friends trembled
with bated breath.**



The foot slid in,
Boot was just its size.
And poor Sock's belly
was full of butterflies.

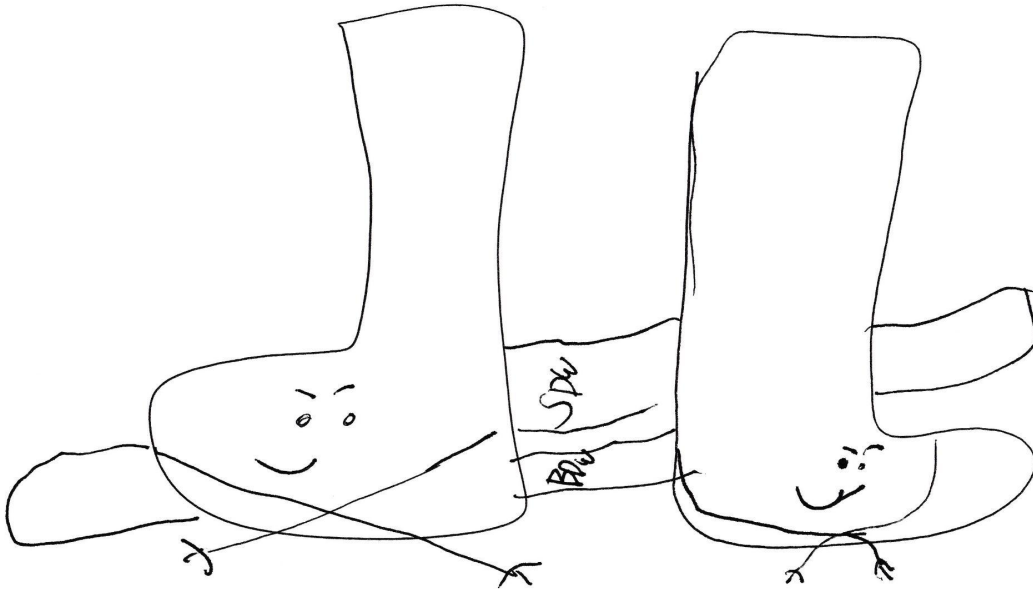


**Cause while into Boot,
the foot went just so,
when it came to Sock,
it would not go.**

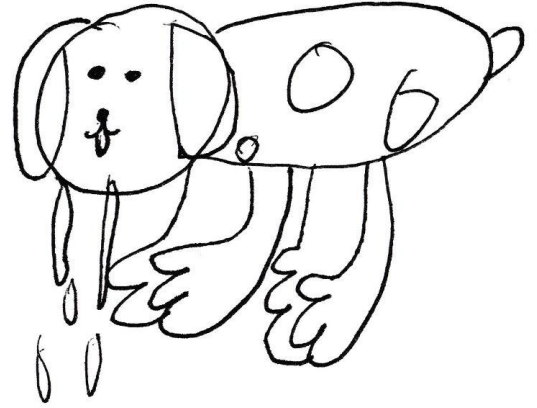
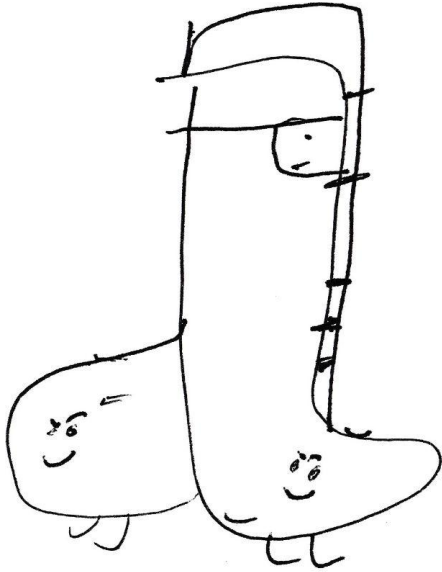


**“You see! I’m bigger!
This is proof!
You surely can’t
debate this truth.”**

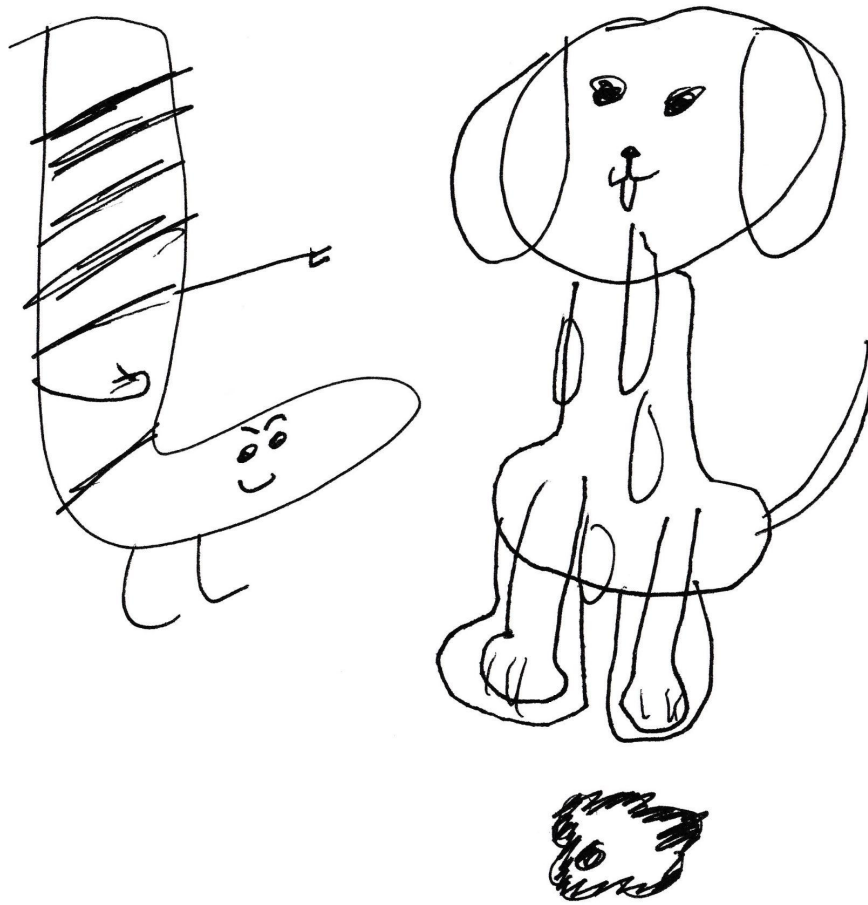
**“Alas,” said Sock,
“I am undone.
But this just means,
We’re tied, 1-1.”**



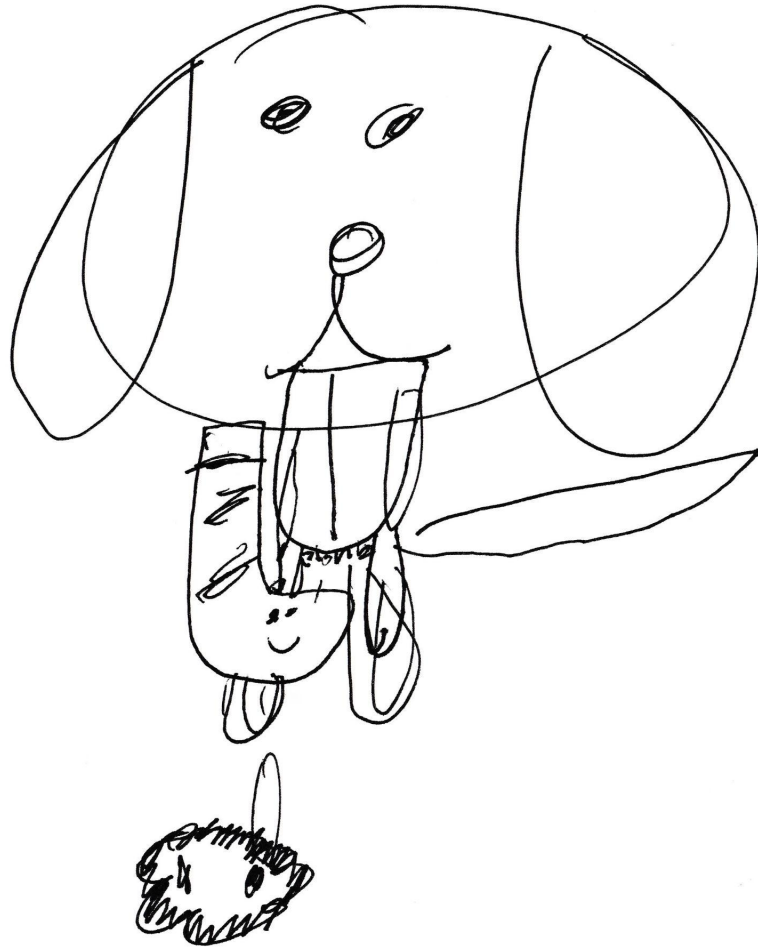
**So they sat,
united in disdain.
For each one’s loss
was the other’s gain.**



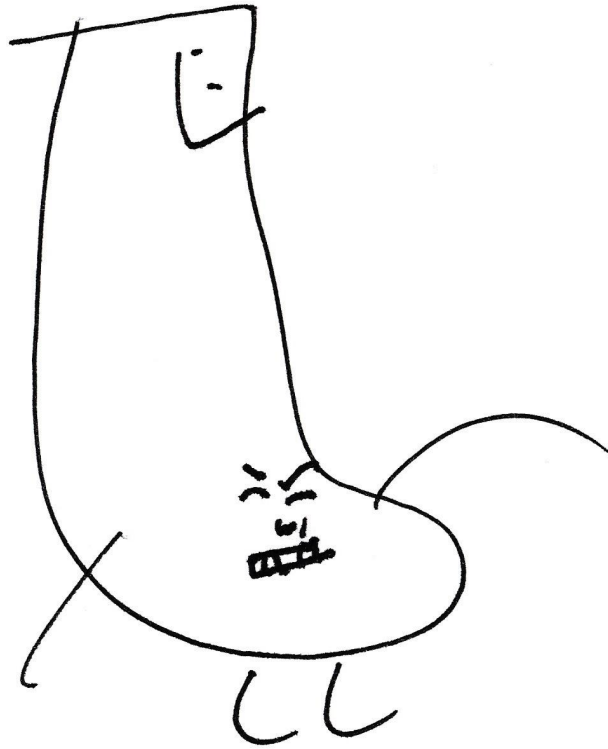
**But then and there,
a solution found!
As along came
a frothing hound.**



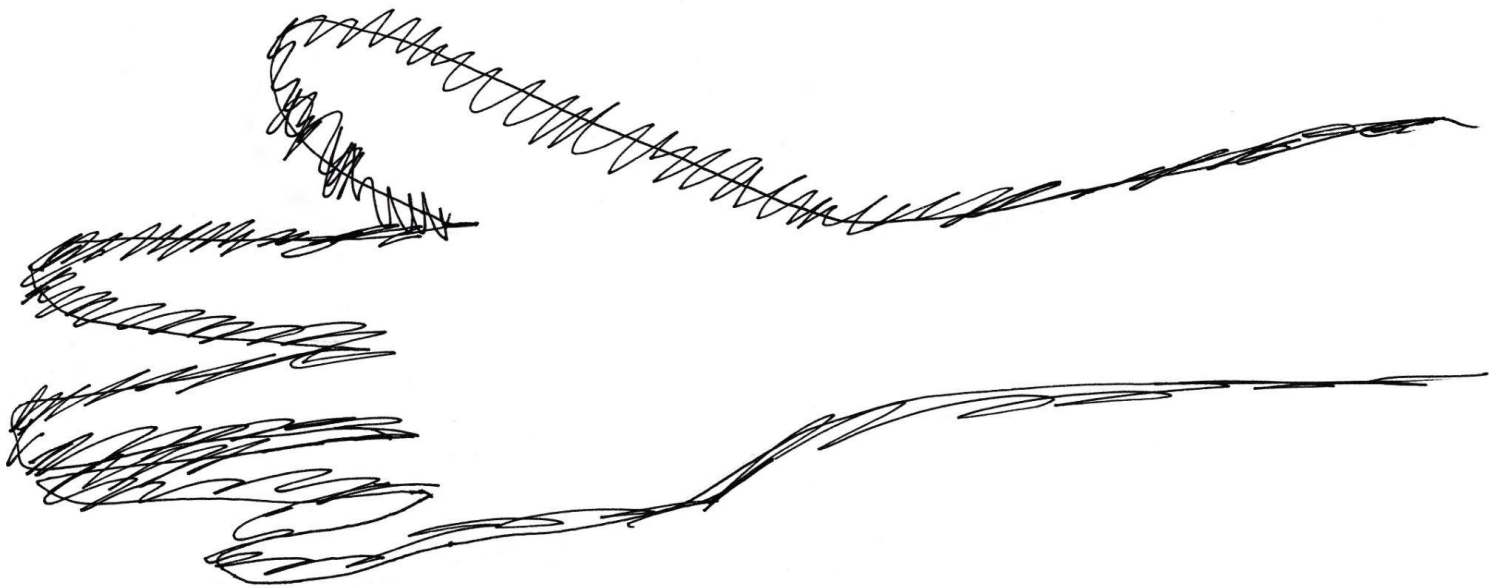
**“I’ll tell you what,”
Said Sock, no doubt.
“This mutt will be
our final bout.”**

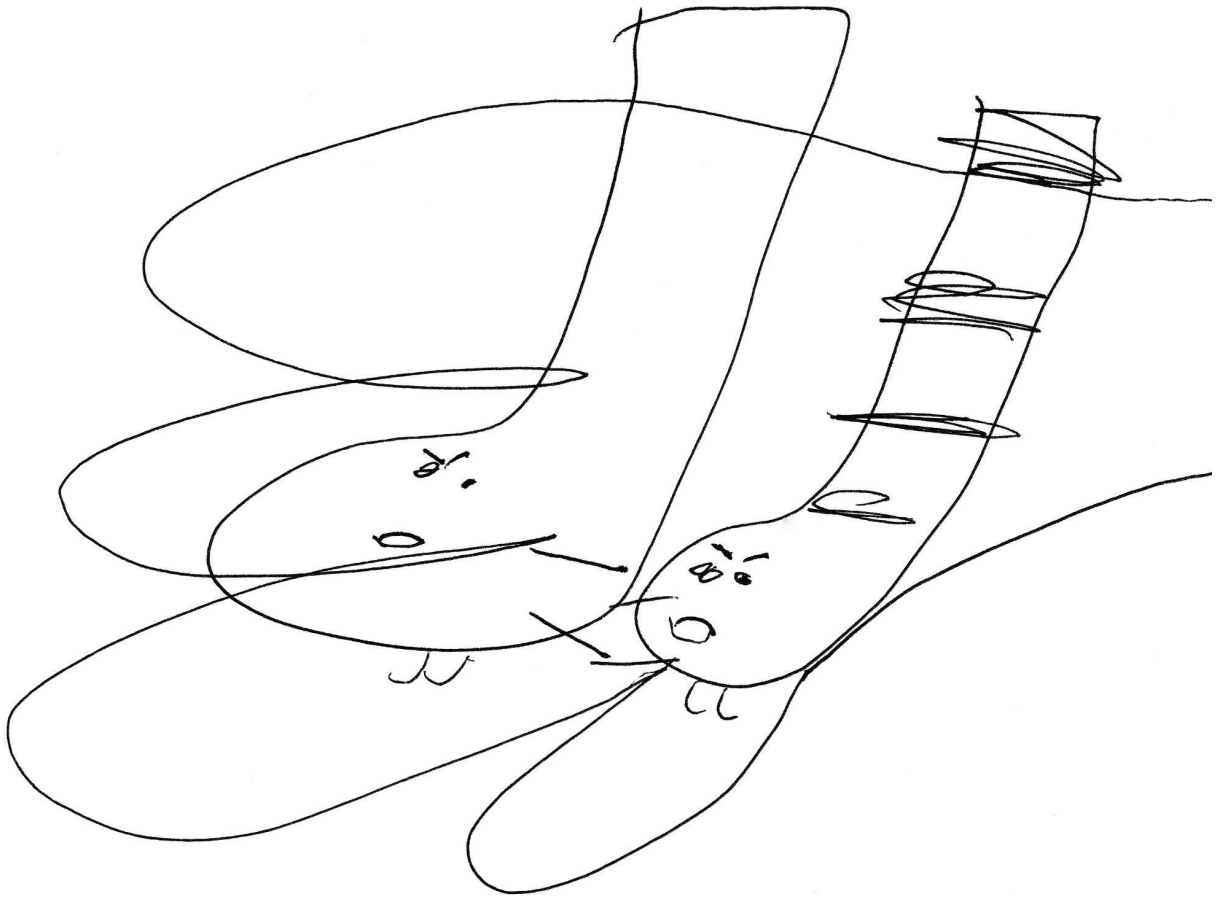


**“We’ll stand under her mouth,
and the one who will rule
is the first to be soaked
by her glistening drool.”**



**“Alright,” said Boot,
with a scowl and a frown.
But our friends had no clue
what was about to go down.**

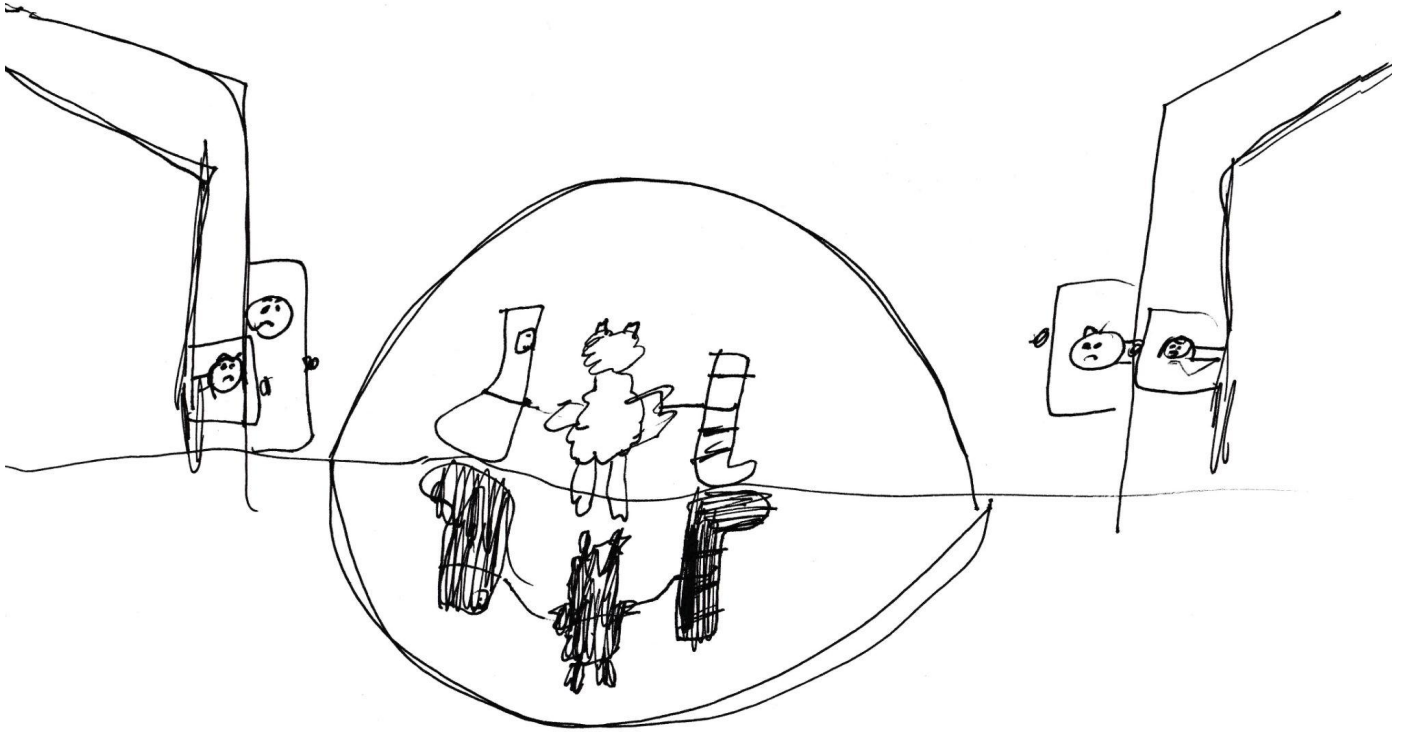




**From out of the blue,
a hand swooped in
and grabbed them both
by their chinny-chin-chins.**



So with a hoot
and with a holler
Sock and Boot got a ride
with the big dog collar.



Where did they go?
We know not yet.
But we will see them soon,
I'll bet.

**THE
END**

Eva Morra is obsessed with Mr. and Mrs. Cloudy. She wanted to fit this into the book because she's been singing it and drawing it for seven days in art class.

Hal Morra likes otters and cheese, but not together.

January 2026