

Imja

and the
Great Sockly Search



For my adventurous Quin!

by Alexis Blake

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Imja was a little girl with big plans for playtime.

But when she got dressed, her favorite sock was missing.



“Sockly?” she called.

“Where are you?”



She looked by her bed
and under her chair.



She searched her toy box
and peeked behind her curtains.
No Sockly anywhere.



Imja huffed and sat down on her hobby horse.

“Maybe if I ride and think,
I’ll remember,” she said.



Clip-clop, clip-clop went her hobby horse.

Imja closed her eyes and imagined
Sockly on an adventure.



Suddenly, Imja was riding across
wide, windy prairies.

Tall grass swished around her horse's legs.



Clip

Clop

Imja scanned the ground and the sky.

“Sockly, are you hiding in the grass?”
she asked.

But Sockly was not there.



Imja hopped off and jumped onto her bicycle.
In a blink, she was zipping
through a busy city.



She looked left. She looked right.

No Sockly.



Then she spotted a shiny racecar
parked outside a racing shop.

Its wheels looked fast
even when they were still.



Imja climbed in and held the steering wheel tight.

Vroooom! Off she sped down long highways.



VROOOOM!

She searched every bridge and every sign.

“Sockly, do you like going fast?” she asked.

But Sockly did not appear.



Near the water, Imja saw a speedboat.
bobbing at the dock.

“Maybe Sockly went for a swim,” she said.



She watched the waves and the sandy shore.
She looked at sea birds and floating driftwood.
Still no Sockly.



Up ahead, Imja noticed an airport beside the water.

There was even a dock right next to a jet plane.



Imja climbed the steps and buckled her seatbelt.
The jet zoomed down the runway,
and lifted into the sky.



“I can see so much from up here,” she said.
But she still couldn’t see Sockly.



From high in the air, Imja spotted something amazing.

It was a launchpad with a rocket standing tall.



Imja landed the jet carefully and hopped out.

She ran to the rocket, climbed inside, and
strapped in.

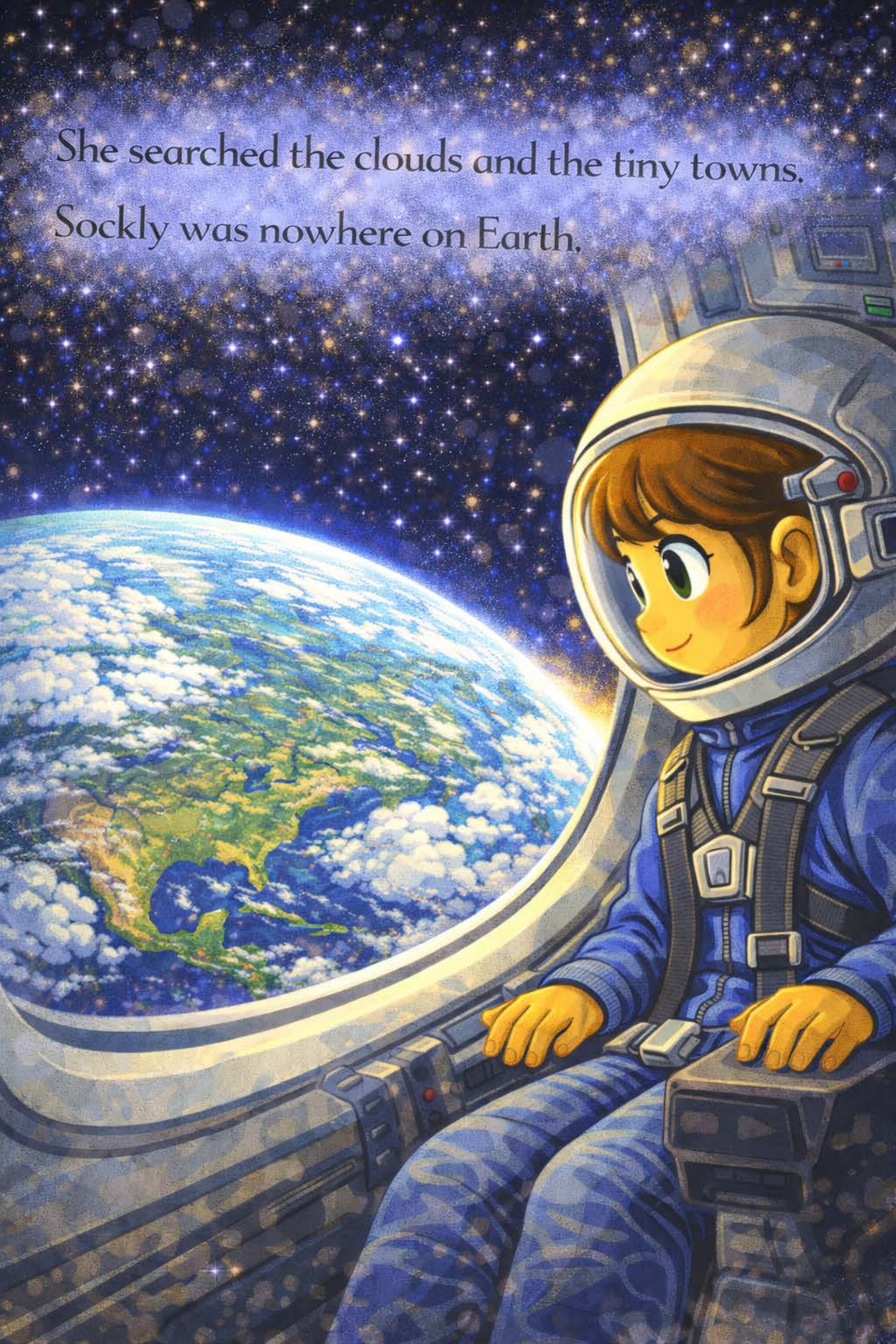


“Hold on, Sockly,” Imja
whispered. “I’m coming!”

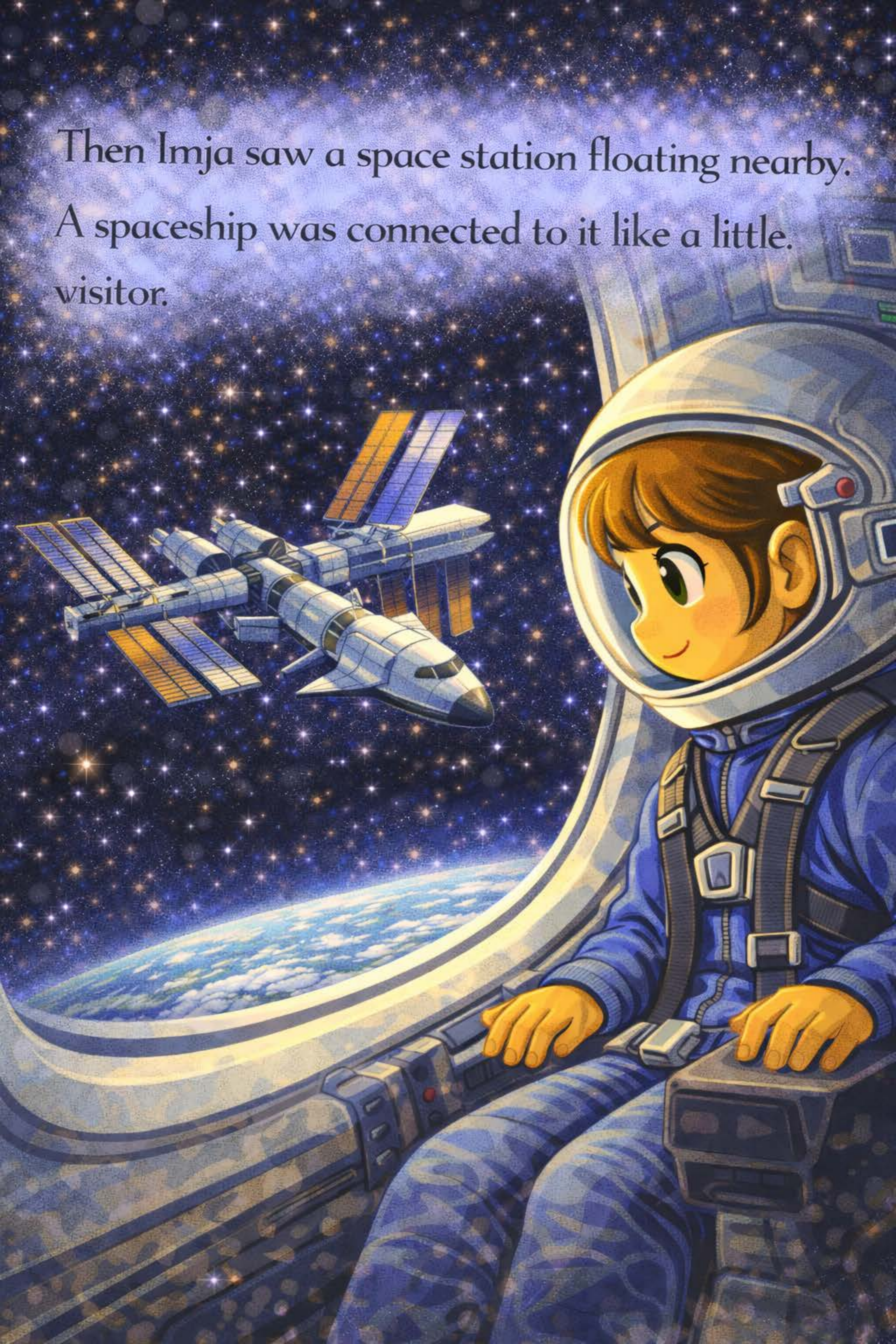
Whoooooosh! The rocket
blasted off into space.



She searched the clouds and the tiny towns.
Sockly was nowhere on Earth.

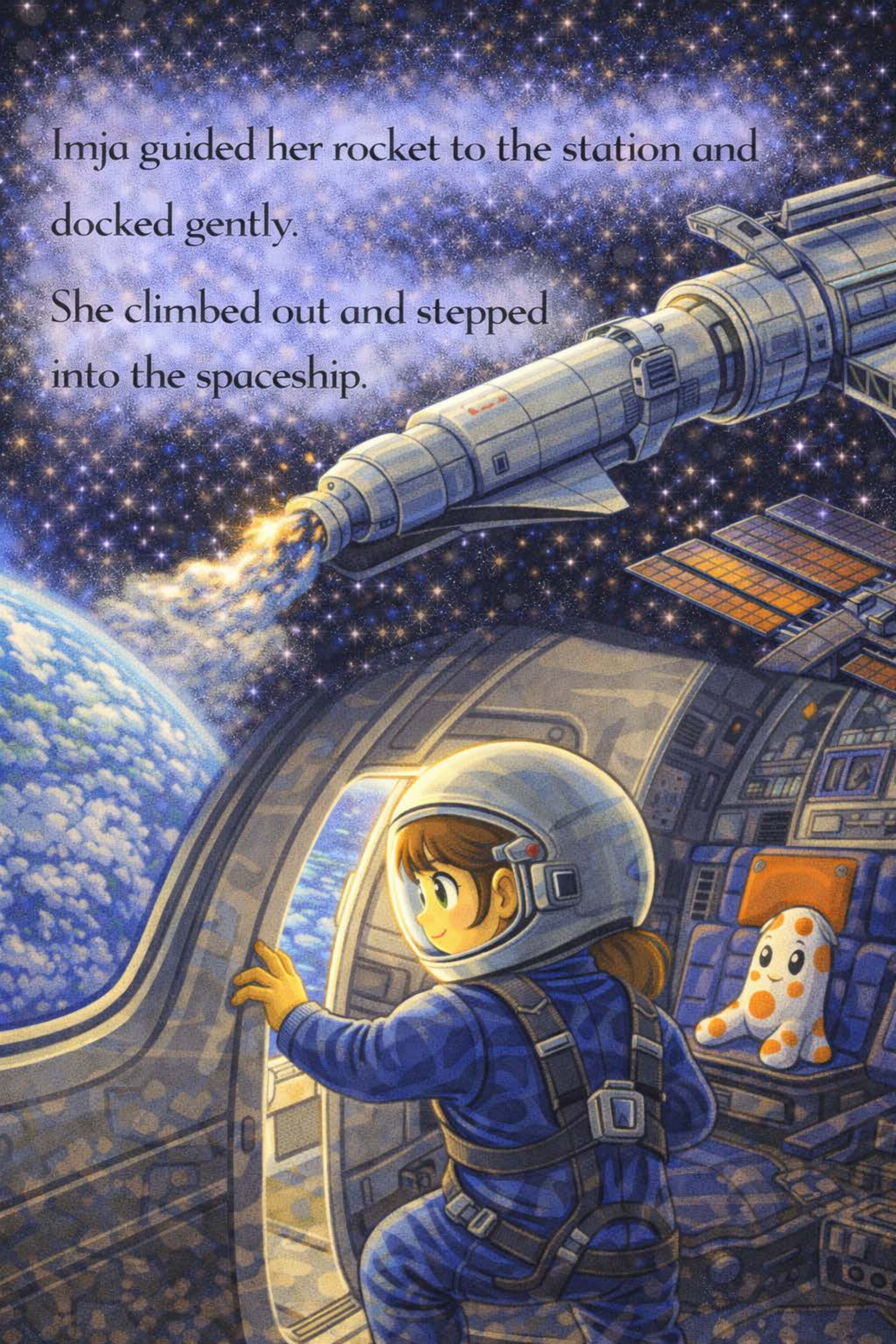


Then Imja saw a space station floating nearby.
A spaceship was connected to it like a little
visitor.



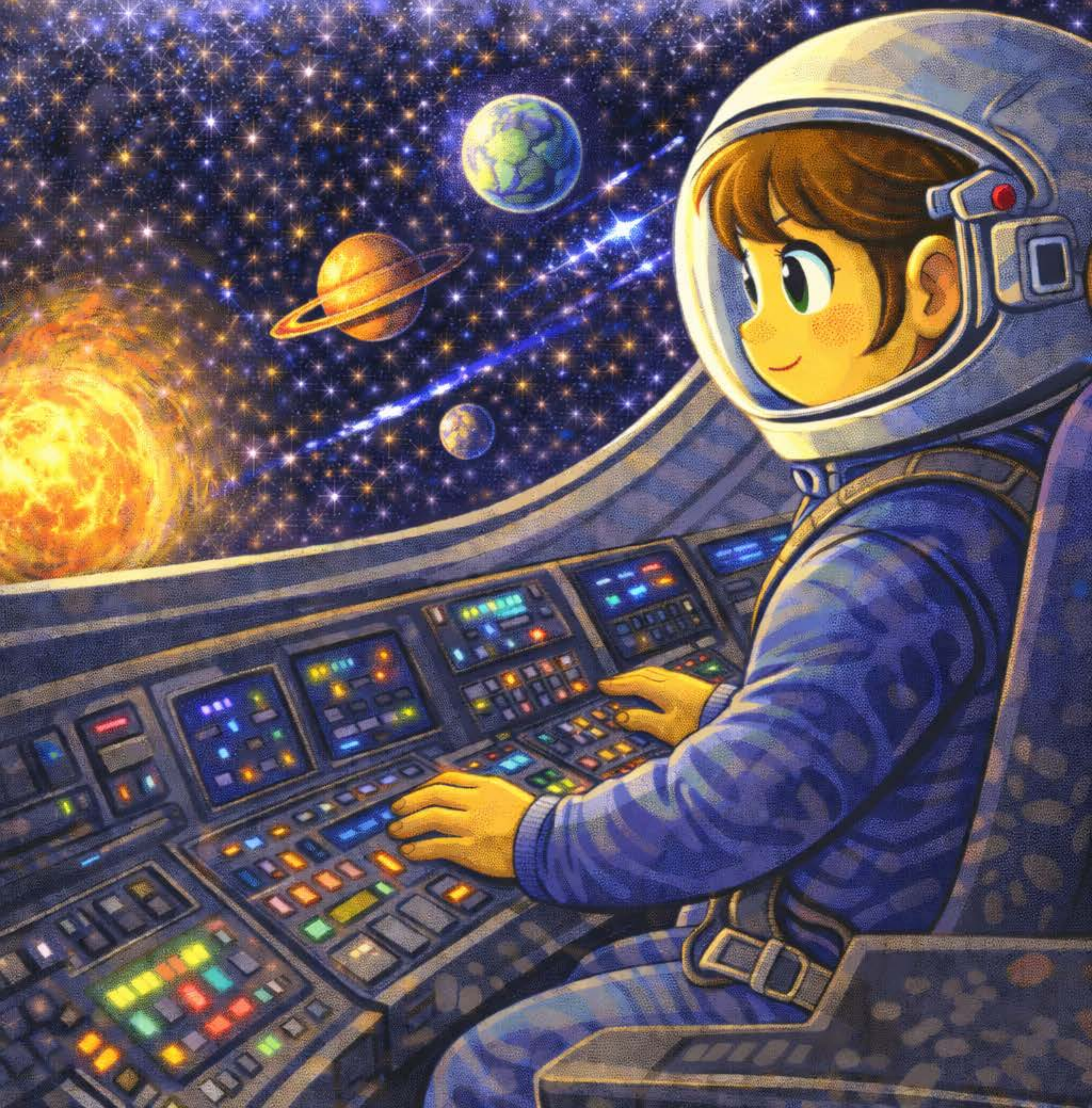
Imja guided her rocket to the station and
docked gently.

She climbed out and stepped
into the spaceship.



She traveled through the stars, past twinkling lights and quiet darkness.

She looked for Sockly among glowing planets and dusty moons.

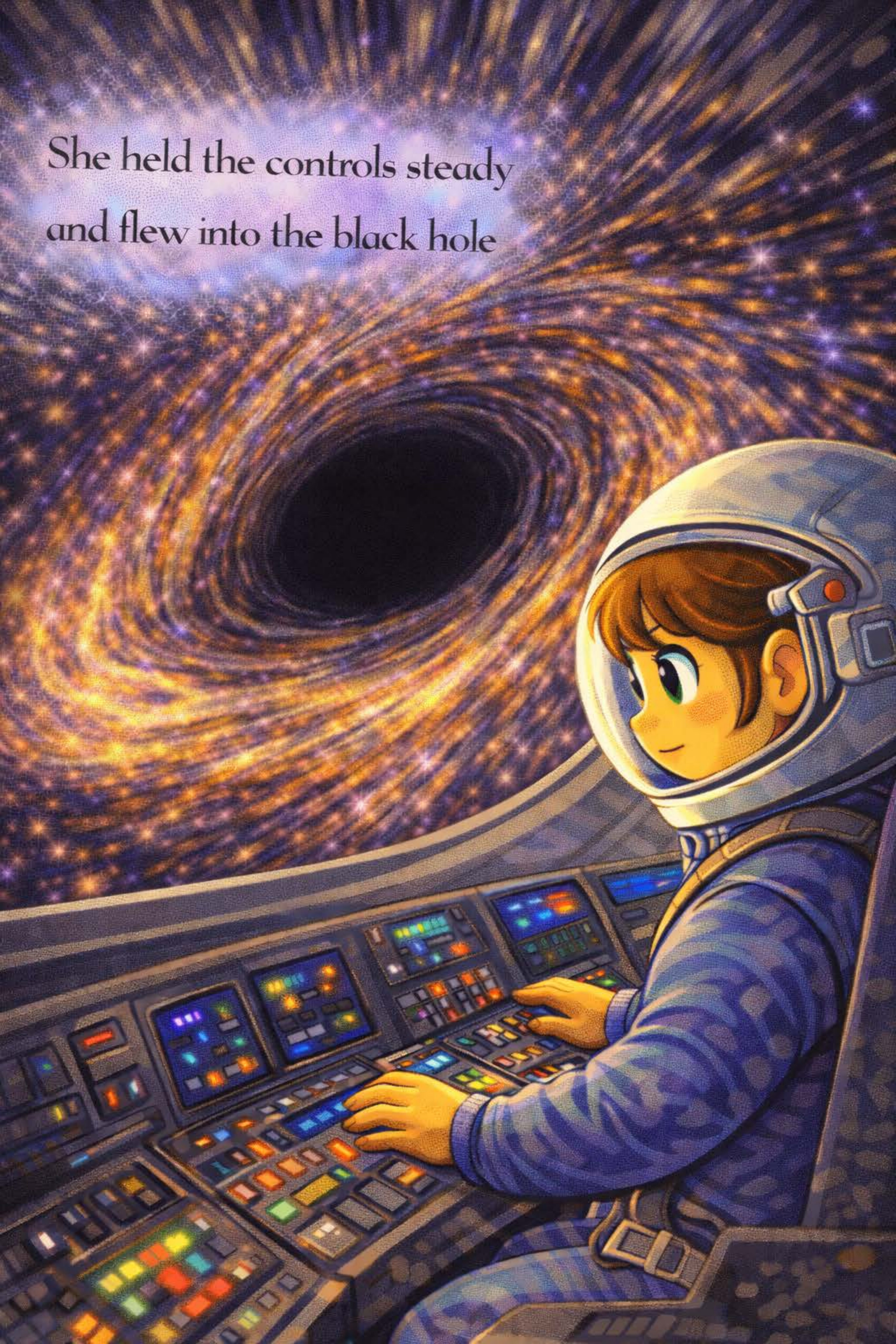


Far ahead, Imja saw something huge and shadowy.

It was a black hole, spinning like a giant, dark whirlpool.



She held the controls steady
and flew into the black hole



Everything whooshed and stretched and swirled.

Then... *pop!*... everything snapped back.



pop!...

Her heart was thumping, and
her cheeks felt warm.

“Was that a dream?” she wondered.



Then she noticed a book on the floor.

It was her book about transportation.



There was Sockly, scrunched up and cozy.

“Sockly!” Imja laughed. “You were under my transportation book the whole time!”



Imja's eyes got big as she spotted something on the floor.

"It's Sockly!" she squealed.

She scooped him up and hugged him tight.



Imja pulled Sockly on her foot and wiggled her toes.
“Now we can finally go play!” she said.





The End