

Dear Friend,

I am sending you this package as part of my effort to change the reputation that I have unjustly received.

You see, all my life they called me a monster. Mothers wonder aloud where I hide. Kids and dryers take the blame for my actions. Fathers mutter angrily under their breath as they sort through baskets trying to find the other match.

And I cower quietly in the corner, trying not to let the joy bubble up at my treasures, the new socks covering my happily wiggling toes.

I used to think it was a game we were playing. I mean, who can take issue with someone who just loves socks?

But over time I've come to realize that they were serious. People actually did think I was stealing, taking things from them. They didn't see that I just love socks and instead they viewed me as a ... a monster.

But...but...I want to shout, ***"My heart is pure!"***.

My toes love warm fuzzy socks.

And pretty princess socks.

And little boy socks.

And socks with grass stains that just won't come out. Oh those make me feel as if I, too, were playing soccer on the field!

I love tiny baby socks, and daddy's work socks and Mama's trouser socks and all of the athletic socks the family wears when they go hiking or on fun vacations.

***I just LOVE socks!***

And so, rather than be considered a monster, I've decided to SHARE my love of socks with as many people as I can - and that is why you have this package!

Inside, you'll find one pair of deliciously wonderful, warm, toe hugging, socks. I hope they make your feet wanna dance, and walk, and step on tippie toes, and snuggle under blankets, and slide into comfy shoes, and think all of the happy thoughts that happy feet like to think.

And if anyone ever mentions the sock monster again, you tell them, ***"He's no monster. He just loves socks."***

Because now, you understand.

Sincerely,

Phineas A. Gibbonsnitzel

A.K.A. The Sock Monster Giver