

Drew and the Lost Glove

Drew and The Lost Glove

By John Bonthron

Drew and the Lost Glove

This is a story written for Drew who is in P3.

It is also for Ethan (P5) his big brother and for his cousins Matthew (12) Zac (2) and Rory (1).

It is also for all children who might wonder what happens to items which disappear from their washing machines.

Grampa and Grandma Bee.

Drew and the Lost Glove

It was a Thursday afternoon in January, coming up to five o'clock, dark outside, cold, raining heavily and very, very windy.

Grandma was helping Drew to get toggled up to go to football training with Grampa in his car while she stayed at No 62 to help his big brother Ethan with his homework.

Drew's Mum had laid out all his clothes to wear, except his new gloves which he had been wearing earlier coming home from school.



Drew was sure he had them on when Grandma and Grampa picked him up from school. Now they were missing and he knew his Mum would be annoyed at him for being careless and he flew around the house like a busy bee, racing upstairs to

Drew and the Lost Glove

check in his bedroom and downstairs to check in the kitchen but he could not find them.

'Look, Drew, there are four other pairs to choose from. Quickly, you must go now, you're running late,' said Grandma.

Drew took a pair, but he was not happy.

Then, when buckled in Grampa's car, he remembered.

'Grampa, stop and let me check. I remember now. I took my gloves off to open the tin to get the chocolate brownies Grandma made for me.'

Crawling about in the back of the car with the overhead light on, he found one of his new gloves **but the other one was lost.**

'Grampa, I think it must have dropped out of the car when we parked outside our house, after school. Why did I not think of that before? That's so silly of me.'

'Don't worry Drew, I'll find it when I go back to collect Ethan to bring to football training. I know exactly where we parked.'

'But Grampa, it will be dirty and muddy.'

'I'll put it in the washing machine to get it clean again. Unless of course your washing machine decides to send it to the Far Side of Mars.'

'Where?'

'The Far Side of Mars. If that happens, you might be lucky to see it ever again, sorry.'

Drew and the Lost Glove

'Grampa, is this one of your silly stories?'

'No, Drew, of course not. Just ask your Mum, she knows all about socks and things which go missing in your washing machine, never to be seen again.'

'How does **that** happen.'

'Well, suppose you put twenty pairs of socks into a washing machine, set it to run and then come back to empty it when the timer beeps. I mean, you do know how a washing machine works, don't you?'

'Yes of course I know how a washing machine works, Grampa.'

'Well, almost every time you put twenty pairs of socks in to wash, when you open the door and check, you'll find that there are only **nineteen pairs** and one lonely sock without a partner. It's so, so annoying.'

'But Grampa, where is the sock that's missing?'

'Well, Drew, most of the time it turns up in someone else's washing machine, usually on the Far Side of Mars. Or sometimes, if the weather is very bad like tonight, it might appear in a washing machine next door to your house or across the street or in the washing machine of someone in your class at school. You know, somewhere local.'

'So, not on the Far Side of Mars?'

'No, I know it sounds it weird, but it does happen, it really does. A while ago, I heard of a boy in P3 like you who lost a

Drew and the Lost Glove

red Liverpool football sock and when a girl in his class checked her washing machine the next day, what do think they saw when her mother opened the door?

'His red sock?'

'No, not his Liverpool sock, no, they saw a toy Penguin called Pippa, a glove puppet. The Penguin had a tag inside with her name and address on it and guess what, Pippa was from Auckland in New Zealand, thousands of miles away, near the South Pole!'

'But Grampa, what happened to his red sock?'

'Well, the lady in New Zealand checked her washing machine and what do you think she found?'

'The boy's sock?'

'Not *his* red Liverpool sock, no. In the washing machine in New Zealand there **was** a single lonely sock. But it was **not** the boy's sock. It was a long dark blue sock with green stripes, a hockey sock from the washing machine of a teenage girl in Abingdon, near Oxford. In fact, that girl, whose name is Darcy Robertson, lives next door to Matthew, Zac and Rory, your cousins.'

'Grampa, you're making this up, aren't you?'

'No, Drew, I am **not** making it up. Not at all.'

'Well, what about the missing sock, the Liverpool one?'

Drew and the Lost Glove

'My best guess is that it ended up on the Far Side of Mars, the side which always faces away from us, the side where all the Martian People live, out of sight, so we can never see them even with the most powerful telescope in the world, not even from the Hubble Space Telescope. And guess what? Martian People never ever need to buy socks. They just check their washing machines. Of course, these socks which arrive for free are all sorts of colours and sizes. But the Martian People don't seem to mind and they say if we could see them, they would probably be wearing one short black sock on one foot and a long yellow one on the other foot, or a thick green welly sock on one foot and a thin pale blue one on the other.'

'Grampa, that's weird, really weird.'

'But Drew, it's not just socks. It's gloves and underpants and shirts and jumpers. Oh, and lots and lots of glove puppets. They say Martian People absolutely adore playing with glove puppets, adults as well as children. And not just Penguins but bears and rabbits and cows and jackdaws and sharks and whales and any animal you care to think about. Armadillos are **very** much sought after.'

'But Grampa, how does it work, How do these socks and gloves and toys move from one washing machine to another?'

'Ah, here we are at footie training. I tell you what Drew, I'll write it all down for you, how it all works, shall I?'

Drew and the Lost Glove

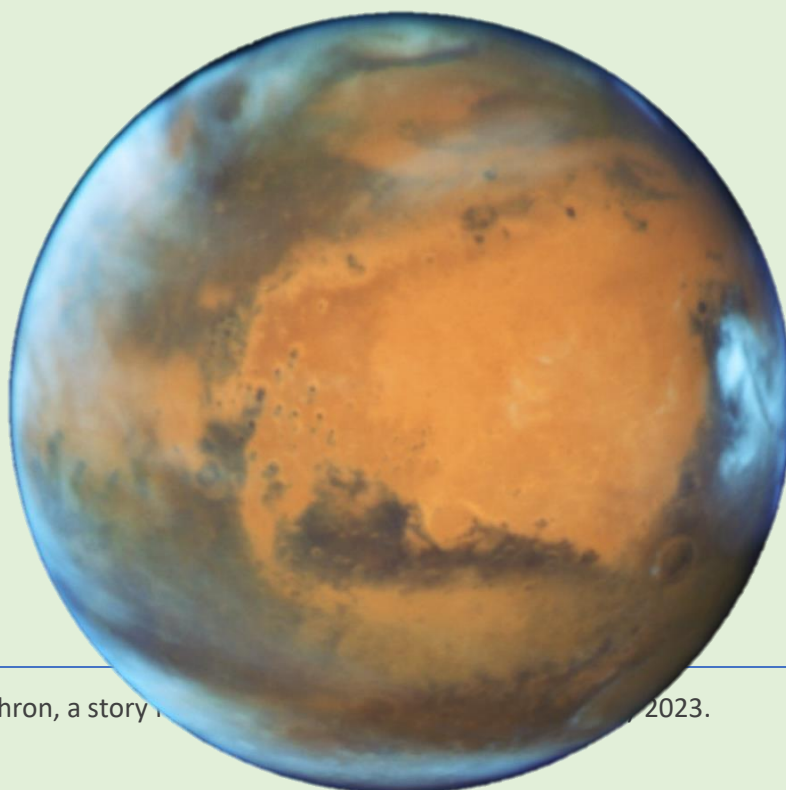
But Drew was gone, racing off along to the outdoor football pitch to join his friends and the whole problem of his lost glove was forgotten.

00000

Well Drew, I promised to tell you how socks and gloves and glove puppets and other objects move around. So here it is, this is how the Great Washing Machine Mystery works.

Now Drew, although it is a bit complicated, I know you have a logical brain and that you are good at doing sums and puzzles and building Lego models, so I'm sure you will easily understand this explanation.

All this snatching of items from washing machines is controlled by the Red Spider Queen who lives on the Far Side of Mars. Working night and day she spins a massive but entirely invisible web which connects to all washing machines in the Solar System, including Planet Earth and Mars.



Drew and the Lost Glove

Did I tell you that Mars is called the Red Planet and that they say that the Martian People have red skin and red eyes but no one really knows for sure. In fact, the Martian People could be any colour, maybe purple with yellow eyes or yellow with purple eyes. Any combination.

Anyway, inside every washing machine there lives a Servant Spider who watches out for socks and gloves and puppets and anything else that the Martian People want. These Servant Spiders hide inside, near the door, not in the spinning drum which would make them dizzy,

When a Servant Spider spots something nice, like a brand-new sports glove, they snatch it from the washing machine. Now, to explain, this happens as soon as the drum stops spinning, just as the door is opening. Servant Spiders are so quick, this snatching movement cannot be seen by the human eye. In fact, they are like magicians, people who can fool everyone using a trick called *sleight of hand*.

Anyway, when a Servant Spider grabs a glove or sock or puppet or whatever, they immediately attach it to a spider thread connected to the Red Spider Queen's Interplanetary Web (RSQIW) which whisks the object up to the Far Side of Mars where the Martian People live. Then, very soon after

Drew and the Lost Glove

it leaves Planet Earth, when the Martian People open their washing machines, they receive a little gift from us humans.

Now Drew, have you ever heard of an ACRONYM? It is usually the first letters of a set of words like "BBC" stands for the British Broadcasting Corporation or "SPL" for the Scottish Premier League. Well Drew, I am sure you can easily work out that "RSQIW" means the Red Spider Queen's Interplanetary Web.

Now, sometimes things go wrong with the RSQIW especially during bad weather. Bad weather can cause odd things to happen, like Pippa the Penguin being delivered to the wrong washing machine and what happened to Darcy Robertson's missing hockey sock.

So, Drew, the next time something goes missing from your washing machine, you will know why and how it happened.

Oh, while I was writing this explanation down for you to read, I heard from your Mum that you found your lost glove on the road beside where my car was parked. You found it when you were going to school the next morning.

But Drew, while you were at football training that afternoon, I looked for your missing glove as I promised I would. I mean I really, really looked for it, for ages. I know it was dark and windy and raining but I did search for it very hard and I can assure you that glove of yours was most definitely NOT there beside where I parked my car, where you found it.

Drew and the Lost Glove

So, the big question is, where did it go after you dropped it? Where was it during the night?

Remember, it was very wet and windy, wasn't it?

And we know that is exactly the sort of bad weather that could affect the RSQIW and cause all sorts of weird things to happen.

So, where do you think your glove went to?

Could it have been sent to New Zealand by mistake?

Or maybe to Canada?

Or California?

Or Miami?

And remember, your glove did have your name on it, written in the tag.

Perhaps it went to Darcy in Abingdon and she sent it back.

Who knows?

In fact, we might never know where it was but at least you have it now, a proper pair of gloves again.



Drew and the Lost Glove

