

Milo and the Very Important Sock

Important equipment

Milo had two great loves: his human and socks. Not chewing socks, mind you. Carrying them. Especially the yellow one with the wonky stripes. When his human packed a picnic basket for a trip across the bay, Milo brought that sock. Every proper adventure needed important equipment. His teal bandana was already on.

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A windy surprise

Their little wooden boat pattered towards the lighthouse. On the jetty, the keeper waved beside a basket of colourful bunting. Then a gust lifted the whole cheerful tangle into the air. It sailed past the picnic tables and vanished round the headland. Milo stood very straight. This looked like a job for important equipment.

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The gull's clue

They followed the shoreline to a sheltered cove. A silver gull sat on a rock, looking terribly pleased with himself. Beside him lay one red ribbon. Milo gave a polite woof. The gull flapped towards the beach, where more colours peeked between the rocks. His human tied up the boat. Milo kept hold of his sock.

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A little help

The bunting was caught beneath a fallen branch above the waterline. Milo nudged it with one paw, but the branch wobbled. He stopped. His human lifted it clear while Milo waited, tail sweeping the sand. Now the bunting could go home. There was just one problem: his mouth was already occupied.

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Not lunch

Milo put the sock on a flat, dry rock. The gull hopped closer. Milo gave him his most serious look. This was not lunch. His human folded the rescued bunting into the picnic basket, leaving one short corner for Milo to carry. Together they headed back to the boat. The gull remained suspiciously interested in laundry.

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One more trip

As the boat nudged away from the beach, Milo stopped wagging. The basket was safe. The bunting was safe. His sock was still on the rock. His human followed his gaze and laughed. They popped back for it before returning to the lighthouse. The gull watched them leave, empty-beaked. Some things required a second trip.

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The finest flag

By afternoon tea, the bunting fluttered above the picnic tables. One little gap remained beside the keeper's gate. With his human's permission, Milo offered his sock. Its wonky stripes fitted perfectly. Everyone cheered the dog who had helped rescue the decorations. Milo accepted a bowl of fresh water and a very satisfactory scratch behind the ears.

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A slightly famous sock

Before they left, the keeper returned Milo's sock. At sunset, Milo curled up in the wooden boat, his teal bandana ruffling softly. The lighthouse grew smaller behind them. Beside the picnic basket lay one sandy, slightly famous sock, ready for a wash. Back home, his human called him a good boy. Milo thumped his tail. Next time, he might bring a matching pair.