

Sai Bhavik Bayyana 7c1

*In the whimsical Whimsy Woods, a fox named Socks was hard to miss. With a sunset-hued coat that shimmered like a warm evening sky and his signature purple socks—so bright they could blind a passing butterfly—Socks was the undisputed trendsetter. His friends often teased, “You’re the only fox who can make fur look like last season’s news!”*

*One sunny morning, Socks found himself at a fork in the road. To the left, the Berry Buffet, a riot of plump, juicy berries that practically begged to be devoured. To the right, the Purple Palace, home to King Wobble, a rotund ruler whose parties were so wild even the trees wobbled. “Berries or a wobbly royal rave?” Socks muttered, purple socks fluttering in the breeze.*

*Before he could decide, Nutty the squirrel zipped by, shouting, “Pick the berries! They’re practically begging to be eaten!” But curiosity tickled Socks’ fancy, so he trotted to the Purple Palace instead. Inside, King Wobble was hosting a dance-off with rabbits, and without missing a beat, Socks joined in. His purple socks whirled like disco lights, leaving the crowd in a dazed, delighted trance.*

*Another day, Socks faced a new dilemma: the Great Grape Grove or the Silly Squirrel Circus. Inspired by the wise, fun King Wobble, he decided, “Why choose?” He gobbled grapes and then juggled squirrels. Because, really, who doesn’t love a good juggling squirrel?*

*Through all his adventures, Socks learned that sometimes the best decisions are the ones made with flair—and fabulous socks.*

I wrote a story about a fox called socks. I showed a journey that he went through to understand you always have more than one choice.