

Transcript of Story On Podcast: Dotty and Stripes Forever - Making a Silly Story About Friendship

Chapter 1: Opening

[cheerful whistling theme song plays]

Hi friends! Welcome to Story On! I'm Laura, your host and today, I have a special story for you.

With Valentine's Day right around the corner, I wanted to write a story about friendship. Because sometimes, the love and support of a good friend can make all the difference in the world.

I knew that I wanted to write a silly story. If you've listened to some of our other episodes you've probably noticed by now that I like to write silly stories.

So, I started by thinking about pairs of things that usually go together. Salt and pepper. Ketchup and mustard. Mittens. Sneakers, socks. A friendship story about socks! I loved that idea.

Then, I contemplated the life of a sock.

What does a sock do all day? What do they see, feel, hear and smell? How is it that we end up with stray socks? What if one of the socks had a thirst for adventure and the other one didn't? What kind of problem could that cause?

These questions helped me think through and plan my story before I got to work writing it.

And since this is a story about friendship, I asked my best friend to help me tell it.

I'm excited to share it with you!

It's time for the story.

[fading chime music]

Chapter 2: Story

This is Dotty and Stripes Forever

(Dotty): "Hey, Stripes, remember when there were 12 of us? 6 beautiful pairs. Man were we gorgeous. So many different colorful patterns. But, it didn't take long before one vanished. Then another, and another."

(Stripes): "Oh I remember, Dotty. Soon, so many of us were missing it was hard to find a matching pair."

(Dotty): "And before we knew it, it was just the two of us. They started treating us like we matched."

(Stripes): "Yep, but we do kind of go together. You're green with blue and white polka dots and I'm blue with green and white stripes."

(Dotty): "Mmmhmm but you know what?"

(Stripes): "What?"

(Dotty): "Even though we're not a perfect match, I'm glad that they roll us up together and treat us like a pair. I like being around you, I mean, except for that time you almost got us both thrown in the garbage!"

(Stripes): "Hey now, that's not what happened. I had the whole situation under control! It's called adventure, Dotty."

(Dotty): "Yeah? Then why'd you need me to rescue you then?"

(Stripes): "Oh come on. I'll tell you what really happened, Dotty. Maybe jot down some notes so you can tell it right next time..."

(Dotty): "Well, I don't have any hands, Stripes. But, you've got my full attention"

(Stripes): [clears throat].

It was an ordinary day. A day like any other. We were flipping around in the drier. Almost dry, just starting to warm up.

Ahhh I do love that nice warm just outta the drier feeling. So cozy! Anyway, at the time, I wasn't feeling so appreciative. In fact, I was annoyed. Bored. I felt like I was stuck in the lamest cycle ever.

Life felt so repetitive. Get drenched in soapy water and spun till we're dizzy in the washing machine, then thump and crash around as we soar through the hot air in the drier.

Ok, that part is actually pretty fun. But the rest of it definitely isn't.

After the drier finishes, we lie in a pile for what feels like eternity. Then, finally, someone opens the door, reaches in, gathers us up and dumps us on the couch... Where we stay all crumpled up together for **more** time.

At this point, some of the clothes always try to escape. Usually a shirt or a sock or two. They slide off the couch, onto the floor. Wiggle into the cracks of the cushions. I don't blame them, it's just not comfy being bundled up with a full load of clothes.

Everyone's in your personal space. You get covered in fluff. And most of the fluff isn't even yours. Yuck!

And jeans - Those guys are the worst. All stiff and pushy. I'd almost rather be stuck to a towel than bundled up with a pair of jeans. Almost.

But, ok, anyway, eventually, someone comes and gathers the socks and shirts that were slowly making their getaway. Then they sit down and fold us all up.

They stack us in a teetering pile and leave us yet again. Perhaps on the couch, perhaps on a bed or even (this one always baffles me) on top of the very dresser that we belong in!

I guess I shouldn't complain though. Because at least before we get put away, things are a bit more interesting. We get to see movement. Scope out the rest of the house. Even catch a glimpse of the outside world if the pile is stacked high enough on top of the dresser. [sigh] It's so beautiful out there, in the fresh air.

After we get put in the dresser, everything is dark and still. Once or twice a day the drawer is opened and riffled through quickly. Then it's closed again. Time just crawls by till finally you're chosen, put on those little feet and stomped around on till you're shoved inside shoes and taken outside.

Then, at the end of the day, you're put in a laundry hamper where you get covered with dirty, stinky clothes day after day till you make the journey to the washing machine and the cycle starts all over again.

It's exhausting! And pretty stinky at times. That's the life of a sock. At least, that's how I saw it then.

So, one day, I decided enough was enough. I wanted more from life. I wanted to get out there and see the world, soaring down the open road on a motorcycle. I wanted to run a marathon, watch the sun go down at the beach.

I told you I was going to leave. You, of course, begged me to stay.

(Dotty): "Where will you go!? What will you do? The world is a scary, wet and stinky place for a sock out in the wild! You'll end up in the garbage! I'll end up in the garbage, too! You're my last hope for a pair! One sock is no good, Stripes. They'll throw me away!"

You really tried to convince me to change my mind, Dotty. But I had my mind set on it. There was nothing you could say to stop me. Sorry about that, by the way.

After I made up my mind that I was getting outta town, I had to be patient. Wait for my big chance to make my escape. It's not like I could just flip flop my way down the stairs and out the door, ya know? As luck would have it, I didn't have to wait long.

We were outside on the kid's feet, in those stiff rain boots. Why do they have to be so rubbery!?

The kid was stomping around in the muddy puddles. Remember how the kid kept laughing and splashing harder and harder?

Then suddenly a wave of murky puddle water flooshed into the air, over the top of the boots and down to us. Brrr that was cold.

The kid immediately kicked off the boots and peeled us sticky, sopping socks off. I thought for a moment we'd be taken inside and put directly into the washing machine, but nope.

The kid threw us to the ground, crumpled up into dripping wrinkly balls and went on playing, barefoot. I was a little worried that we'd be forced back on to those muddy, wet, cold feet and pushed back into those icky wet boots...but instead, the kid just ran inside without us.

That's when I realized this was my chance. Before that moist kid came back.

Dotty, you were not so happy. How you whined about being cold and oh you were so worried about a dog coming and picking you up in its teeth. Remember?

There was a little stream of water running along the curb at the side of the street. I slowly flip flopped my way toward it, planning to set sail down the river on an epic adventure.

You followed me, Dotty, because you were more worried about being left alone as an unmatched sock then coming with me at that point. Haha I think you were hoping that someone would see us, stop their car, scoop us up, and bring us to a new home.

Don't look at me like that, you know it's true!

After I made it to the stream, I jumped in with a final flop. Oh I regretted that instantly. Seems so obvious now but that water was WET!

I got real heavy and kind of sunk down into the bottom, resting on a little pile of rocks and sand.

Dotty, you flip flopped your way over and were lying across the curb, trying to reach me to pull me out. You almost got me, remember?

I was already feeling relieved, thinking about how I'd make the whole thing up to you... but suddenly it started raining. The water picked up quickly and the stream swelled. The water flowed faster and stronger and I felt myself beginning to float.

You noticed right away, Dotty. You're so observant. I've always admired that about you.

You called out "Hold on, Stripes. I've almost got you! Think heavy thoughts! Think heavy thoughts!!!" haha as if that would change anything.

I know, I know you were trying. You were doing your best. But, two socks were no match for a strong current of water. I floated away. Oh I still get teary just thinking about it, Dotty.

Everything felt like it was happening so fast but also in slow motion, you know?

As I was whisked away down the street, all I wanted was to be back inside that house with you. Oh how I longed to be crumpled up in the dirty, stinky laundry hamper. Even that sounded cozy to me. I thought I'd never see you again. I thought you were right. That I'd end up in the garbage and you would too.

I felt terrible. How could I have been so selfish, so naive!? Some friend I was!

And then, WHAM! I came to a sudden stop. I could still see you so I knew I wasn't too far away. The water continued rushing down all around me. I seemed to be stuck on the grate of some kind of drain at the moment but I quickly saw that if the water shifted a little this way or that, it could send me down. And there'd be no coming back from that.

No more Dotty and Stripes. Just two stray socks, destined for the garbage.

But then, I saw movement. It was you, Dotty! You were making your way over to me. And you were moving quickly. Faster than I've ever seen a sock move. I was really impressed. I had no idea you could be so speedy!

Before I knew it, you were right there, above me. “Hang on, I’ve got you” you said. Then, you pulled me up, over the curb and away from that dreadful drain.

I know this sounds ridiculous, Dotty, but you were there so you know this is true. As soon as you saved me, the rain stopped and the most beautiful rainbow filled the sky. It’s not cheesy, Dotty, it’s a fact! You saved me and the sky celebrated with a magical rainbow! And then remember what happened? Yeah, of course you do.

The kid ran outside, scooped us up and took us back inside. I have never felt so happy to be put into the washing machine.

And from that day forward, everything changed.

Well, actually it was exactly the same. The cycle.

But instead of hating it, of finding it boring, I loved it. I appreciated what I had. What I have. With you, Dotty and the rest of the clothes. I don’t even mind the jeans anymore.

I wouldn’t change a thing, Dotty. Not a single thing.

[cheerful music]

The End.

Chapter 3: Discussion

And that’s my silly story about friendship.

I wanted to have a happy ending for Stripes and her good pal Dotty. All it took was almost losing Dotty to realize how important his friendship was.

Can you write your own silly story about friendship?

Will your characters be people or objects like mine? What pairs of objects can you think of that go together? Will one of your characters try to set off on an exciting adventure? Will your story have a happy ending?

Write your own story about friendship and be sure to share it with your friends, your family and me laura@storyonpodcast.com

[cheerful closing song theme starts]

That’s our show for today!

I would like to say a big thank you to my bestie, for being the voice of Dotty. You're the greatest.

I would also like to say thank you to you for listening to the show. Thanks, friend!

If you would like to support Story On, you can tell some of your very best friends about us!

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[music fades]