Chapter 1

"Harriet! Come and say goodbye to your dad before he goes," Gran shouted from downstairs.
Well, I think that's what she shouted, I didn't have my hearing aid in but I heard the words "goodbye" and "Dad" so I just filled in the rest, like a crossword puzzle.
"Coming," I yelled back. I put down my sparkly blue hair brush and looked around for my hearing aid. (My hearing aid is green, which is my second favourite colour, as well as being my surname. The doctor said they didn't have any in blue and sparkly, which would have been my top choice.)
I had taken it out to have my shower,
because it doesn't like water (I don't either, I prefer orange squash) but now I couldn't see it anywhere.
"Oh no," I whispered. "No, no, no." I had only just arrived at Gran's house, where I was going to be staying while Dad was away, working on his new job, and it looked like I had already lost one of my most important things. (My hearing aid is like a teeny tiny music speaker but instead of playing music it makes the noises going into my ear, like Gran shouting upstairs, louder so I can hear them better. My hearing isn't as good as other kids my age so I need my tiny speaker to help me hear at the same level as everyone else.)
I was just starting to panic when I spotted a flash of green under the bed. It must be my hearing aid, how on earth had it got under there?
I bent down to pick it up and instead discovered one of my socks lying there. Even weirder – I hadn't unpacked anything yet.
I spotted my hearing aid on the bed, nestled in the duvet and only visible from this angle –triple weird. I put my hearing aid in quickly and heard a loud scurrying noise coming from under the bed. When the sock started to move, like something was pulling it, I knew something was under there.
Without thinking, I reached out and grabbed the other end of the sock
just before it disappeared.
"Hey," I said to my sock and felt a bit silly, clothes don't tend to talk back. It must have just got caught on something. But as I tried to pick it up, the something held it tight at the other end. I squinted into the darkness under the bed to work out what the sock was stuck on, but I couldn't see anything. This was so weird. I was losing a tug of war with something invisible.
"Harriet," Gran's voice drifted up the stairs again.
Well I think that's what she had said as my hearing aid wasn't in my ear properly because I had put it in so quickly. I wasn't even sure if the scurrying noise under the bed had been real - sometimes my hearing aid makes funny noises when the battery runs out or if it gets wet so it can be difficult to tell what is a hearing aid noise and what is real life. I gave my hearing aid a wiggle with my finger to get it back into place, like when you sit on a cushion mountain and wiggle your bottom into the cushions to get yourself comfy. The whole time I made sure I kept hold of the sock with my other hand.

“Just a minute,” I yelled back at Gran. I hoped I had heard her right.
I didn’t have time for this tug-of-war. I pulled as hard as I could and the sock strrreeeettttccchhhhed before finally pinging free so suddenly that I went flying backwards, the sock still gripped firmly in my hand.
I landed on my bottom (Gran calls her bottom her “best comfy cushion” and says it’s comfier than a cushion mountain) and blinked at the sock. The something was still attached to the other end of it.
It was green and furry, the size of a small dog, with googly eyes, a round tummy and a sock-shaped mouth. This mouth was still clinging tightly to the other end of my sock.
WOOOAHHHHH.
I sat there with my mouth open. Finally I remembered to speak.
“Who …” I began. “What … Who are you?”
The creature tipped its head to one side, like you do when you are getting water out of your ear after you’ve been in the swimming pool and said, perfectly clearly, “I am Sock Muncha. I eat socks because they are mighty tasty. Who are you?”

HARRIET’S SPACE BOOK

PLANET SLUMBER

Inhabitants: Aliens of all sorts can be found here sleeping in beds, however the only native inhabitants are sheep.

Conditions: Constant lullabies are playing, interrupted only by the sounds of snores.

There is no gravity on this planet so the sheep float around the beds.

Landscape: A planet mainly made up of beds, cushions and duvets.

Other notes: Whenever someone wakes upon planet Slumber they count the floating sheep until they fall back to sleep.