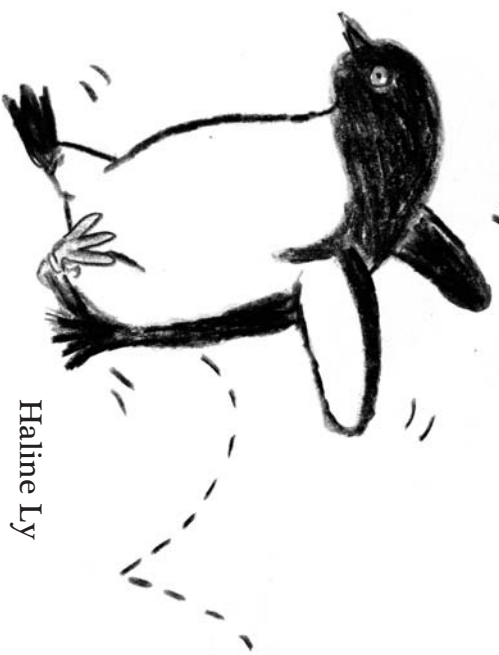


Hop,
Hop,
GLOP!

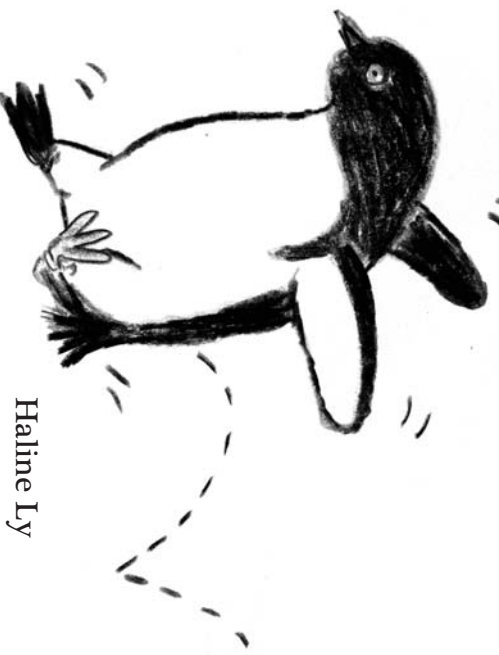


Haline Ly



Haline Ly is a designer ballerina and accounts director at Symple Creative. She makes art with Popperbox. She has a whimsical heart, loves people and confetti. www.haline.ly.com

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There's a place not far away
where penguins like to live and play.
Be mindful of the things you do -
creatures need to live there too.

There's not a lot that one can say
except look after one another - not just today,
but tomorrow and tomorrow and yesterday.

We're in it together after all -
we should love each other, big and small.

So every time you put on socks,
just think of Sam and his hop, hop glops!

I believe in you.

First published 2013
Symple Creative, Sydney
www.symplecreative.com

Text and illustrations © Haline Ly

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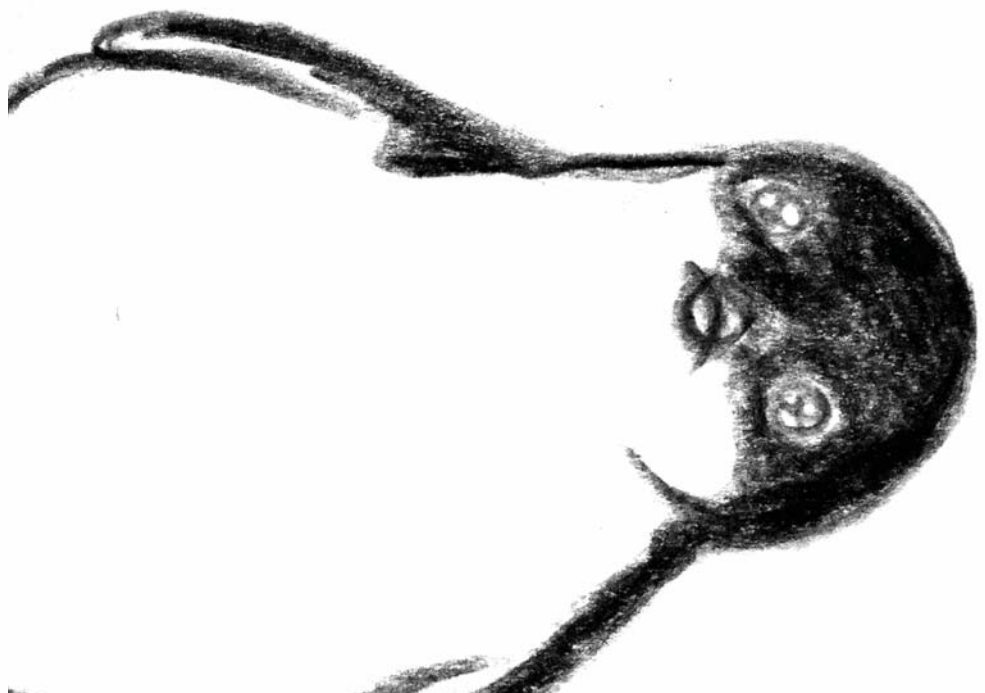
This is Sam and he is sad.
He's lost something he's always had.
His orange socks were his favourite yet -
but he's lost one now, he's quite upset.



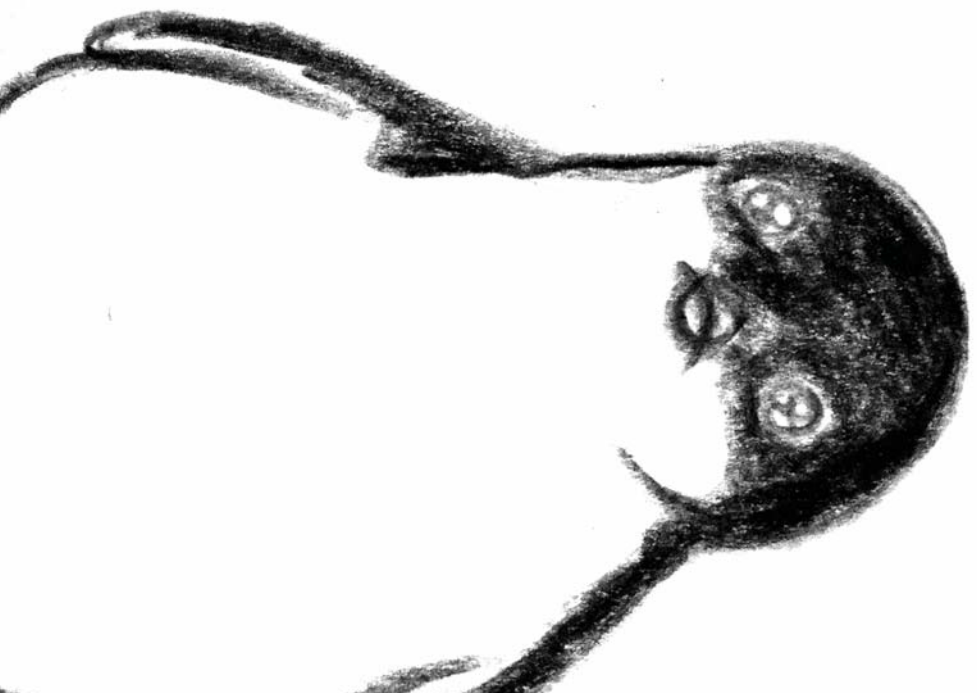
This is Sam and he is sad.
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Sam could do anything without his socks.



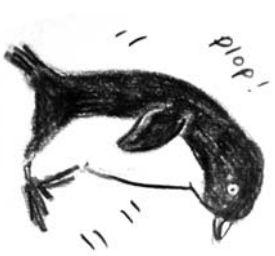
Sam could do anything without his socks.



Without his socks, Sam could not swim.
He could not walk or dive for bream.
So here instead, he had to hop.
And thus the start of his hop, hop, glop!



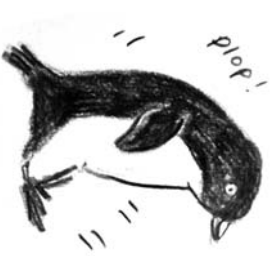
He could swim.
He could dive for bream.
He could flop. He could even plopl!

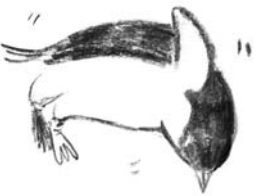


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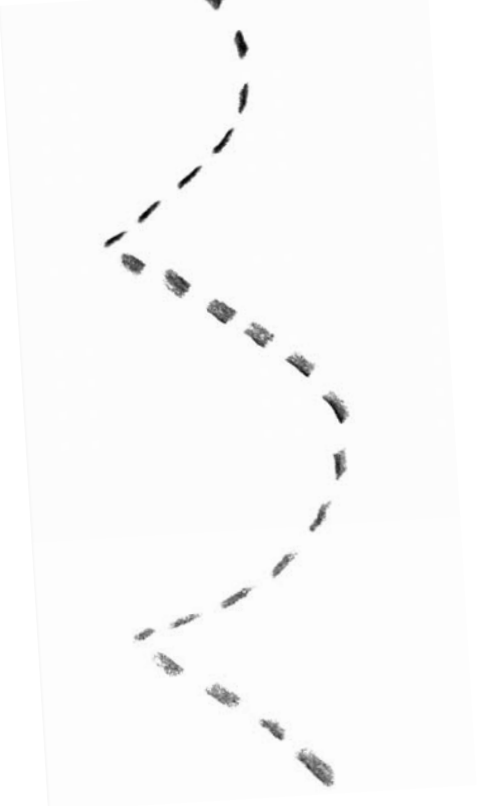


After a while, Sam no longer hopped.
He found he could walk – he could trot!
He liked that a lot.

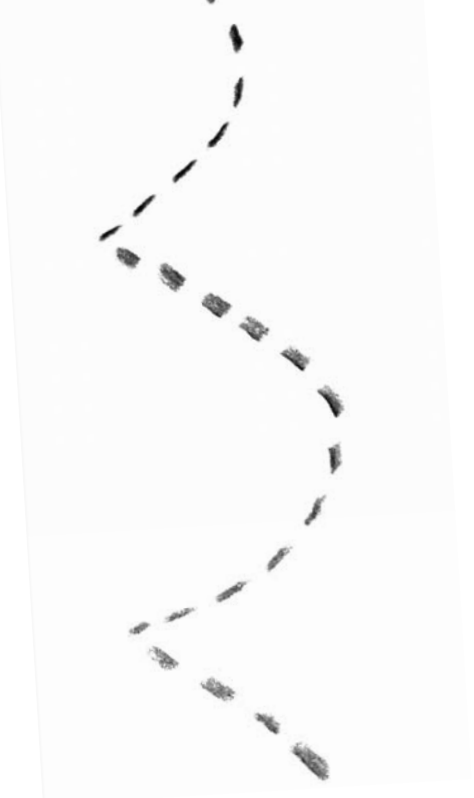


After a while, Sam no longer hopped.
He found he could walk – he could trot!
He liked that a lot.

So he hop-hop-hopped
and he glop-glop-glopped.
Hop, hop, glop!



So he hop-hop-hopped
and he glop-glop-glopped.
Hop, hop, glop!



Sam looked down at his feet
and saw a hole in his sock.
It was the end of his hop, hop, glop.



Sam looked down at his feet
and saw a hole in his sock.
It was the end of his hop, hop, glop.

Then one day, on his way to school,
Sam tripped over a very big rock!
He rolled.... and rolled.... and rolled
to a stop.



Sam could not trot.
He could not flop.
He could not even plopi!
Not without his orange sock.

Then one day, on his way to school,
Sam tripped over a very big rock!
He rolled.... and rolled.... and rolled
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Sam could not trot.
He could not flop.
He could not even plopi!
Not without his orange sock.

Sam looked and looked for days on end.
He searched high and low.
He asked all his friends.

“Have you seen my orange sock?
In the sea or by the rocks?”



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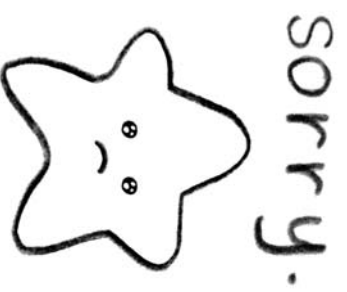


Days passed. Weeks passed.
But Sam never found his sock



“We have not seen your orange sock.”

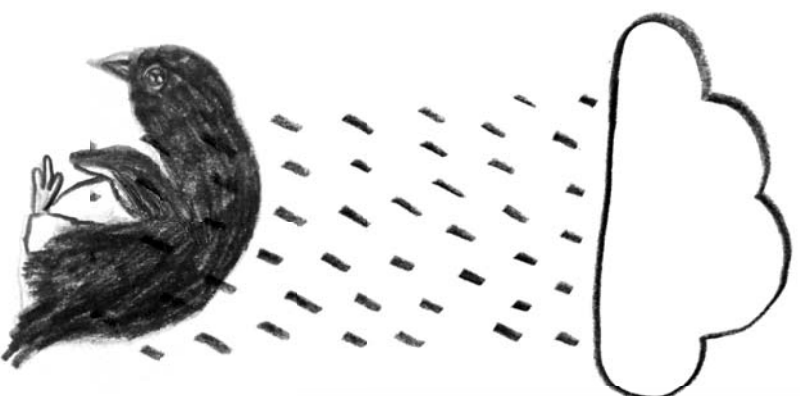
Days passed. Weeks passed.
But Sam never found his sock



“We have not seen your orange sock.”

Sam hop, hop, glopped
through the wind and rain.
He asked a seahorse from Ukraine.
He asked a rainbow trout, who only pouted:
“We have not seen your orange sock.”

Hop, hop, glop.



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