

The girl sat on the hard ground and stared at the dark forest. She couldn't remember how long she'd been sitting there. In fact, she couldn't remember anything – not her name, how old she was, what she looked like, or where she had come from.

If only I had a pool of water, she thought, I could look at my reflection. Perhaps seeing my own image would help me remember who I am.

But there was no water nearby – just the grass beneath her and the forest in front of her.

I wonder what is behind me, she thought. So she turned, but what was behind her looked just the same as what was in front of her.

I will turn around, she thought, and face the other way. Then what was once behind me will be before me, and what was once before me will be behind me.

So she did this and felt quite clever for a while, but then remembered she had forgotten who she was – and felt she should really do something about it.

Perhaps I should examine myself for clues, she thought. She began with her shoes – little black slippers that looked like those worn by ballet dancers. Perhaps I am a dancer, she thought.

The girl stood up and twirled around a few times, until she felt dizzy. She tried to balance on her toes, the way she believed ballet dancers did – but her feet collapsed under her, and she fell to the ground.

Perhaps my socks hold some clues, she thought.

She pulled off her shoes and looked at her white socks, which came just above her ankles. She ran her hand over the socks and noted their smooth, silky feel.

Then she rested her left foot on her right knee and looked at the bottom of her sock. She saw some words written there, and felt her heart thump in anticipation. Perhaps the words on the bottom of my sock will tell me who I am, she thought.