

Shoes

A Short Story
By
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Shoes:

My mum used to tell me that shoes never went out of fashion. That's how she justified keeping every pair she'd ever worn, right down to the little knitted ones she'd had as a child.

Now, as I emptied her wardrobe, I realised that wasn't her reason at all.

I pulled out a pair of red stilettos. She had told me before that she'd worn these the night she met my dad. They were in pristine condition, and I could tell she'd never worn them again. Then I saw the black flat shoes she'd worn in the police force.

I shook my head, seeing it for the first time. I had been so blind.

Every set of shoes in her wardrobe was a precious memory, and that was her reason for squirreling them away. I couldn't stop the tears welling in my eyes as I placed the shoes into cardboard boxes, ready to take away. Then I found the shoes I had worn as a baby, and I dropped to my knees, inconsolable.

It hurt knowing that I would never see her again.

All I had left was her memories, her shoes.