

The Purple Trainers

Have you ever wondered where the other shoe is? You're there all ready to go out and you want your favourite shoes and no matter where you look you can only find one. Well just imagine if your shoes had lives of their own... (well that have souls don't they?)!

Anyway in this particular collection of shoes there lived a pair of trainers. Purple trainers, with sparkles and very pretty laces. They weren't often in the place where shoes were kept.. They were always together out playing, or ready by the door, or just by the bed, but always together. Oh, the fun they had, the places they'd been, getting muddy, being scrubbed, dancing, jumping - the time they'd gotten so dirty they were put in the washing machine - and clung to each other for safety and then swung together in the wind till they were dry.

It was in such a 'clean and shiny' phase that the boot arrived. Bit scuffed. The trainers were by the door on the mat sparkling in the sunshine with a few of their friends, when boot nudged in between them. He nudged the right trainer a little more, and it seemed it was the sort of nudging that the right trainer liked.... In fact the right trainer started to spend more and more time with the boot - twirling laces and all sorts. The left trainer thought she'd never do that - it's disgusting! She began to only see the scuffs on the boots, and to blame the boot for her not having so much time with her friend, when actually she was cross and hiding or sulking when the trainers were supposed to be going out together. She was angry the boot was taking her friend away and reacted badly, often being horrid when the purple trainers were together. It was hard for the right trainer - not sure who to please. She loved going out as a pair, chatting and sparkling together, but she felt the left trainer didn't like her so much anymore.

The boot promised to take care of the trainer and always be beside her, find fun places to go, and they could always be found together in some strange corner of the house. In time they tied laces. There was a ceremony down the hall. Reluctantly the left trainer dragged herself along and took some of the attention. It wasn't her day- but she was cross.

The left trainer wasn't normally lonely - she'd gossip with the flip flop under the bed and share space with the other shoes, but she felt bad and wanted to hide so she tucked herself away in the corner.

Suddenly she was aware of another trainer - that looked just like her... and on her second glance the hope it was her best friend faded - the trainer was wrong, the scuffs weren't in the right places and that funny frayed lace, that she'd come to love (we know how she got that!) wasn't there. The left trainer realised it was her own reflection and as she looked a little harder she noticed there weren't any new scuffs or smudges, and she wondered whose fault that really was. She wanted to share more scrapes and smudges with her friend and set off to do something about it.

She found her on the doormat. The left trainer apologised - and for a sparkly trainer that's not always easy, but she saw the shared scuffs and new she wanted more. Bravely and calmly she started to explain how she felt... when she was interrupted by, "Are that's where you are - both together. I've been looking for you two, but can only ever find one of you."

The left shoe realised it was her who had been missing and that together they could still go on adventures, that only they would share, but that it was her responsibility too. As they skipped out the door and chatted, maybe thoughts crept in - that one day she'd want to spend time with another shoe - though she was sure he'd be Velcro.