

The pair of tennis shoes (1)

"Hello, I introduce ourselves, here is Tennis Rightfoot and Tennis Leftfoot. We are a pair of tennis shoes. Well, an old pair of tennis shoes. Today, Mummy has decided that we, Leftfoot and I, are now fit for the dustbin.

However, I remember that marvellous time when we were well displayed on the shop shelf, waiting for some small feet to feel like putting us on. How beautiful we were at that time: all in white leather, with a blue stripe on each side and rubber all around to protect ourselves from bad blows. Some long white laces adorned our eyelets.



And one day, Jerome chose us, without hesitation, which caused despair to Mummy who found us too expensive. But Jerome won and took us with him. Since that day, the real life began for us.

As soon as he put us on, we would go to the adventure. Leftfoot did not really like the bicycle afternoons because Jerome had a tendency to use him as a break; while I feared more the football games with the friends because I would always go back home with lots of bumps. Every Sunday evenings, Mummy moaned because we were dirty and Jerome had to wash us. And what's more once we earned ourselves a good washing machine session. We did not like it very much. But to make it possible for Jerome to put us on, we were ready for every sacrifice.

One day Jerome decided to seek adventure in the woods behind the house. Jerome did not treat us with care that day: playing was all he thought about and he did not have us much on his mind. We fought against savage beasts, jumped over rivers and precipices, conquered wild lands with him.

We made it possible for him to escape his enemies, to save some beautiful princesses, to bring down the monsters and the nasty witches. He was the gentle knight and we were his «faithful seven-league boots». We splashed about in the ponds for hours, we climbed the trees, we climbed the rocks. At the end of the day, we were dirty and wet, and what's more Leftfoot's seams were starting to come apart on one side. That day was the best day of our lives.

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But when the three of us went back home, we suffered Mummy's wrath and Jerome was punished for a week for losing his laces and first of all for going back home after night had come.

Then our state worsened a little more every day. Jerome's feet became too big for us. Mummy decided to replace us and Jerome soon forgot us when he found his next pair of tennis shoes.

Mummy then decided that we were not worthy enough for his younger brother's feet. Therefore, since that day, we are here in the trashcan, between the apple core and the bottle of coke, waiting for the garbage collectors to come and pick us up. So goodbye, a pair of tennis shoes' lifetime is way too short!

Hey, Rightfoot! I think you are not quite right yet. Look at the lill boy sitting on the kerb. He has been peering at us for a good while now. Why, here, he is coming up. I think our time has not come yet! "