

## My Mother's Shoes

### Introduction Background

For weeks I begged my mother to buy me the white leather running shoes in the window at Delphine's Shoe Emporium. I wanted those shoes more than anything else in the world, but my mom said they were too expensive. Finally, after I refused to go to Jennie's party in my old shoes, she gave in and bought me the running shoes.

### Thought

### First event

### Second event

### Details about people and things

The next week my school had its Open House. My whole family went and, as usual, my mother wore her ugly beige shoes. "Those shoes look terrible," I said. "Why do you always have to wear them?" She didn't answer me. She just picked up my little sister, Elizabeth, and headed for the car.

### Third event

### Details about people and things

### Thought

### Details

Open House went okay, except that I was sure everyone was looking at the scuffed toes and floppy heels of my mother's shoes. "Why can't I have a mother who has taste?" I wondered. On the way home I asked her again why she didn't get rid of those shoes. "They embarrass me," I added.

### Fourth event

When we got home, my mother and father immediately went to the kitchen to start dinner, and I took Elizabeth into my room. I could hear Dad's low voice, but I knew that it was Mom who was rattling pots and pans, opening and closing the refrigerator. Soon I could smell chicken frying, but I couldn't hear Mom singing. She always sings in the kitchen, and I was

Feeling

beginning to wonder if I'd really hurt her feelings. Then I heard a knock on my door. Elizabeth toddled over to open it, and Dad came in.

**Fifth event**

Thoughts and feelings

“Alice,” he said, “don't you think your mother is sick of those shoes? Don't you think she knows they're ugly? How do you expect her to buy shoes for herself when you demand shoes that cost three or four times what they ought to cost? We don't have that kind of money.”

**Conclusion**

Meaning of the experience

He said a lot more, too, but he didn't need to. I realized that some things are just too much to ask.