

The Personal Life of a Sandal

Hey, Kid. Wanna know what my favorite food is? Dirt, mud, grass. That's my daily diet. I walk him everywhere; every day and I don't even get a decent meal. Sure, you'll say that the feet and legs are the ones that walk him around. Well let me tell you this, them's a pile of bums! I'm the one who "really" helps him, I'm the one who protects his, so-called, "**precious**" feet. And yet he still treats me like a low life, one use bum! Let me tell you "**My**" story.

Now you see, I ain't a regular shoe. I'm a flip flop, but preferred to be called a sandal. Now I'm not just any kind of sandal, I was shipped all the way from New York, specially made. Now, us New Yorkian's don't get scared easily, but ever since I came here, certain things have shaken me to the bone. Like earlier, I was just walking with my wearer, and I saw a strange structure called, a corner. For some reason I had an eerie feeling about this corner, and because I'm only but a sandal, I could not resist the urge to find out what was "**Behind**" the corner. I came closer to the corner, closer and closer and closer and closer- "BOO!!". And there I saw It, another sandal, but on someone else's foot. It turns out that it was my wearers brother. And something unspeakable happened. He reached for my twin! The other sandal that came with me, and took him off his foot. He then wacked his brother on the arm with **my** own brother!!! My twin looked in pain while my wearers brother was laughing. I couldn't believe it, did he just use my brother as a weapon!!! This is worst then the time I got chewed up by the dog.

Ever since then my perspective of my wearer has been little... tainted, but just a bit. But I guess bygones be bygones. That's the end of my story, I guess. The human might not be so bad after al- "**Stop!!!**". "What who said that", I said. "**It is I**" The figured said as he made its appearance. Wait... Why does he look like me? "**DON'T be alarmed,**" he said, "**I am you from the future**". I'm just now noticing that he had rips and tears everywhere, he looked like a bum. "The future? A person that goes to the future must have a reason for traveling, then it must be something that I did or will do.", I replied ", That means you're here for a reason, aren't you? To warn me about something." "**Yes, that's correct. But enough chit chat. I'm already mentally unwell, so let's start with my side of my story.**" He answered with a half withering, maniacal smile.

"Wait, mentally unwell, what do you mean by-,"

"LET ME FINISH!!!"

"..."

"..."

So, as I was saying before I was... rudely interrupted. This is "**MY**" story. So let me tell you about our "**wearer**", there will be no "let Bygones be Bygones". He must pay... for what he did. Let me give you the setting, it was around 10:00, no later than 12:00. Your wearer's brother had a "**FUN**" idea, quite a swell one indeed. He called it "**War**", the game must be played with two players, those two players will throw objects at each other. If a player gets touched by the object, the opposing player will get a point. First to 12 points wins.

"Quick question, what does this has to do with me, I mean us?" I asked.

“Because those objects... ARE US.”

Your wearer and his brother took position, and all of HELL went loose. M-Our twin was thrown first, he soared through the sky, cut by the wind. He was thrown, tossed, smashed, THRASHED. He couldn't even get a single breath in. He soon was lost behind big chair, as he taken his last breath... and was never seen again. Now, it was time for me to be sacrificed, for the joy of these humans, the same fate that my brother faced. I was taken off of the foot, and that's when I felt a million jolts in my body. I was immediately in unrecognizable pain!!! I felt jolts all around my sole. I've been thrashed in between my fellow neighboring sandal. I hit the walls, I was stepped on, It felt like my soul has been through Hell, Tartarus, Hel, and then Hades. **“THE pain, I can't Handle the pain”** I screamed!!! **“Make it !!!”** I couldn't HANDLE it anymore. I RIPPED, I TEARED, I SCREAMED, I BARKED, I SWORE, I BLED. It was unimaginable. **“Curses, curses the day I was made, curse the fate that has been Decided for me. curses, Curses, Make It Stooooooooooooo-. “, “Riiip!!!”**

GONE. Totaled. I was devastated. They was finally done and I was left there for dead. My “eyes” slowly became embalmed by the sweet embrace of death... Or so I thought. It seemed I was doomed by the Universe to be kept suffering for someone's entertainment.

“So, I decided to “Fix” my destiny or at least... help yours.”

“...”

“Any questions?”

“How can I fix this, so-called future.”

“Well, this “so-called” future will soon be your reality. So, I suggest... for you to RUN.”

“How? I have no body or legs to move.”

“I created a little gadget that will help you to move, I call them “Wheelies”. Just pop them on and roll away.”

“Well thanks but... what about you?”

“I will... disappear. But its, fine. I will finally get the same release of death that my brother has been given.”

“Well... thank you. For everything. I'll see me later.”

“I'll see me later too. Bye...” As he said with his final push of life.

I made my escape that night. Maybe with my new destiny ahead of me, I can finally go back to New York and complete my dreams, Making Pizza! I think my life has really taken a turn. So, that completes my **“Full”** story. Maybe being a sandal like me isn't as bad as some people might think. Alright, next stop, New York!!!