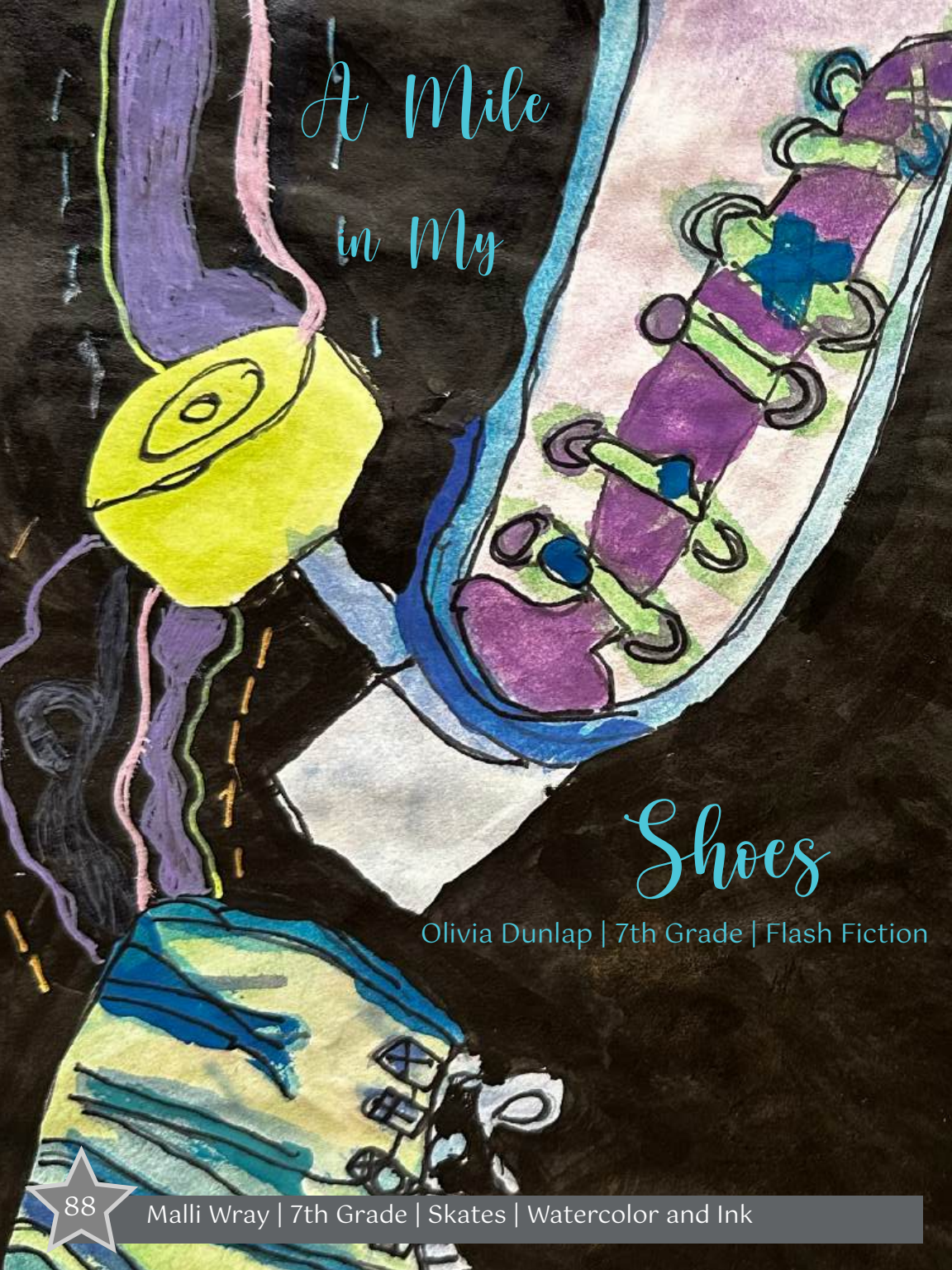
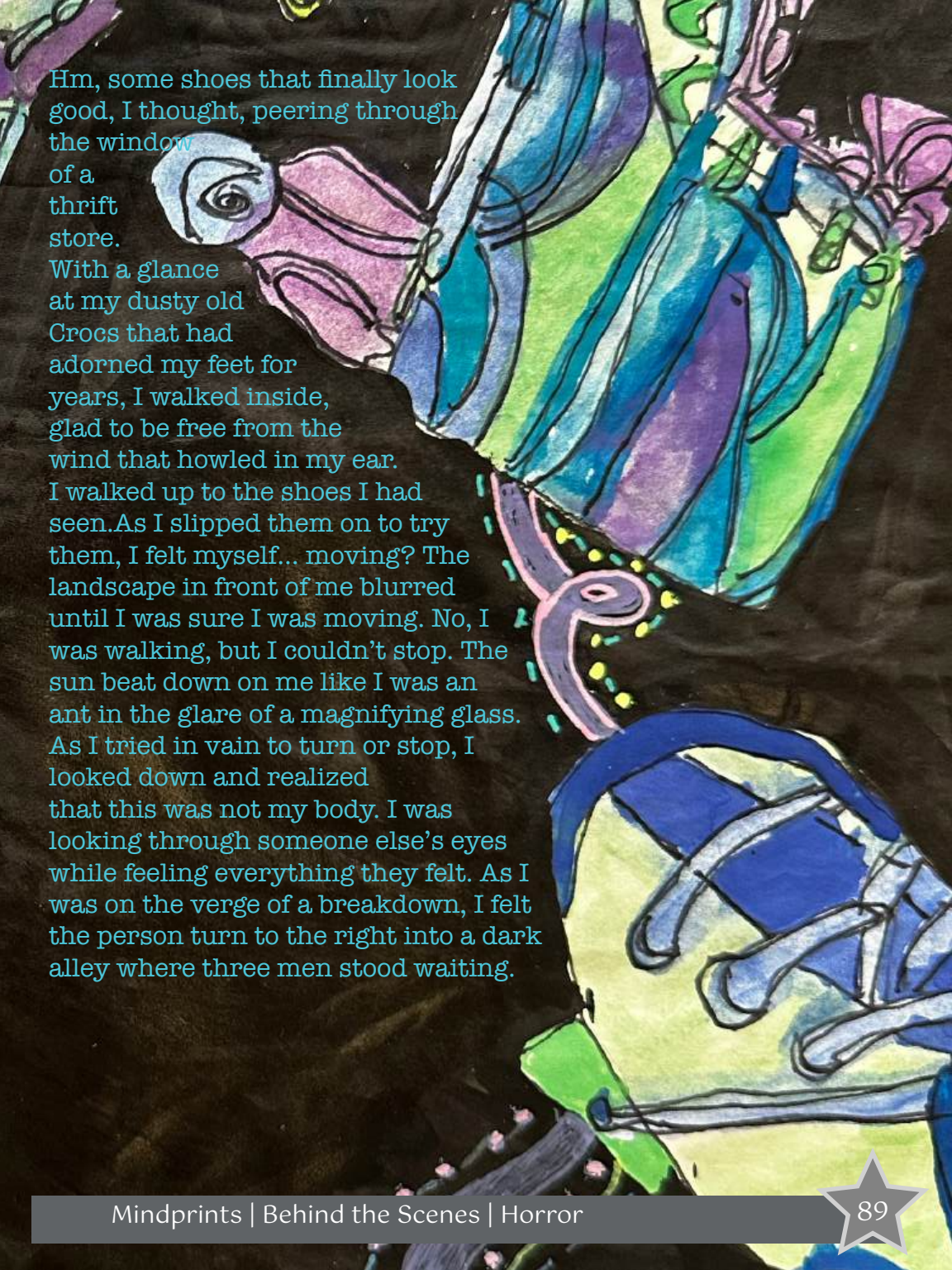




*A Mile
in My*

Shoes

Olivia Dunlap | 7th Grade | Flash Fiction



Hm, some shoes that finally look good, I thought, peering through the window of a thrift store. With a glance at my dusty old Crocs that had adorned my feet for years, I walked inside, glad to be free from the wind that howled in my ear. I walked up to the shoes I had seen. As I slipped them on to try them, I felt myself... moving? The landscape in front of me blurred until I was sure I was moving. No, I was walking, but I couldn't stop. The sun beat down on me like I was an ant in the glare of a magnifying glass. As I tried in vain to turn or stop, I looked down and realized that this was not my body. I was looking through someone else's eyes while feeling everything they felt. As I was on the verge of a breakdown, I felt the person turn to the right into a dark alley where three men stood waiting.