

A Mile in Her Stilettos

I never thought my metallic fanny pack could look this good. My fresh new Skechers accentuate its luster like never before. I complete the look with double-knotted neon yellow laces and wear the sneakers out of the store and glide on a coat of grapefruit Chapstick, and I'm ready to make my way back to the mall parking lot.

And that's when I see her.

She's no one in particular, but I know her all too well. I see girls like her in fashion magazines when I'm in line at Walgreens. Her hair has this magical shine that puts my fanny pack to shame, and she carries a navy leather purse that matches her pinstriped pencil skirt perfectly. It makes no aerodynamic sense that she can walk in those sky-high stiletto heels, which go *click click click* as she sashays by.

It's not that I'm unhappy with myself, it's just sometimes I wish people would look up to me like that too, both figuratively and vertically. I suppose if I want to be that kind of girl, I need to elevate myself, too; I cannot go walking around with the entire soles of my feet touching the ground like a peasant. So I go buy stilettos of my own.

There are no Skechers at Bloomingdale's. Only a million stilettos on glass displays and chrome shelves climbing up the walls. I peruse each collection in search of the perfect pair, but every shoe is more striking than the last. Thankfully, my fairy godmother, the glittery lady working in the shoe department, helps me choose a chic patent leather pair four inches high, with no platforms because apparently platforms are out of style. She also tells me that it's always okay to splurge on shoes, so for the first time ever I don't bother checking the price at the cash register. Feeling even sparklier than all the shoes I just tried on, I shove my sneakers into my fanny pack and wear my new stilettos out of the store. *Click click click*.

From the ankle down, I'm a supermodel, but there's still the rest of me to deal with. I imagine I should be wearing makeup to complete my look. The only issue is that the closest thing I have to makeup is that grapefruit lip balm, so I swing by Sephora to swap my Chapstick for lipstick. While I'm at it, I also buy three types of foundation and every color eyeshadow the store has to offer. I take a look in the mirror on my way out. I

am four inches taller than the old me, and my lips shimmer with the sheen of Too Faced's "Chihuahua" gloss. I am radiant.

Revamping my existence leaves me rather thirsty, so I visit a posh cafe on the fourth floor of the mall for some refreshment. I like diet Coke from the vending machine better, but my shoes and I need to be here for the aesthetic. I pick up an orange juice. Then I ponder the orange juice. And with the new executive power vested in me by Salvatore Ferragamo, I veto. Girls with high heels should have high standards too, so no orange juice for me! I must sip something more sophisticated. I put down the orange juice and order a nice tea with a name I can't pronounce because I don't speak tea. It tastes like hot diluted Koolaid, but it's fine because it comes in an elegant glass teacup.

After finishing my drink, I want to head back to the mall parking lot, but I need to stow my new makeup somewhere. I'd put it all in the fanny pack, but it's already stuffed with the shoes from my past life, and besides, I shouldn't be wearing it anymore anyway; metallic is so last season. So I go back to Bloomingdale's and buy an Oversized Tote Bag. I hide the fanny pack in the big pocket and drop my makeup in on the sides. I slump the bag over my shoulder, and suddenly I'm sideways. The fanny pack once resided squarely on my waist and kept me centered, but now my tote only weighs down my left side, and I tilt more askew with each wobbly step.

But I persevere. I'm still walking in my heels, yes, *click click click...*

Smash. One wrong click and I'm sprawled across the floor. The makeup rattles to the floor in circles around me. My left shoe lands six feet behind me, and the right still dangles off my pinky toe. With a deep breath, I gather my scattered products and senses. I refasten my fanny pack around my waist, put my Skechers back on, double knot the neon yellow laces, and pull myself up.

After walking a mile in her stilettos, I think I prefer flats.