Dear Shoes,

Oh my gosh, you would not believe the pair of heels I saw in the window at the mall at Macy’s. They were so cute and, like, fifty percent off. They were just the perfect shade of nude and had an adorable wedge heel in it. I was so excited and then I remembered you. You are my favorite pair, remember when we went to that party and you gave me confidence a lift and I flirted with my crush and I came home with his number. We made a good team that night. You did so well, I carried you home. And then when we had our first date with him and you made me trip as I walked beside him and he caught me, that was smooth. You are the best wing woman. But it’s time for us to break apart. I have been married to him for three years and you have carried me through two pregnancies. I felt bad as you stretched and were smashed little by little. It’s time that you go where all good shoes go. But I will always remember you fondly and I want you to know that it’s because of you that I have my family. Thank you, black pair of pumps. You will be missed.

Affectionately,

Ima