



CHAPTER ONE

THE PUMP SHOE

Confidence and Pride

That's right, pull me out of the closet, sport me. I'm affordable but looked upon as uncomfortable when worn too long! I've been to a lot of places, walked through a lot of doors, closed business deals, accepted offers. I come from an exclusive brand, not a commodity, but complete many outfits. The dignity I provide unto those who step into me brings happiness to a lot of faces.

I am pumped. I am a step up from the world. I am not too far from poverty and not too high to be classified as the elite. Young girls grow up and desire me early while old women dread the day to come out of me. It is a miracle how some can hold their confidence in me. I am breakable; I can bend right at the heel.

I've caused a lot of embarrassment when I became broken and shamed many



when I didn't match. I am the pump shoe. Who will choose me today? Perhaps an interview, or just an everyday work shoe. My purpose is to provide a few inches to one's life, give some sort of a boost.

I would be dismayed if I didn't tell the truth that some have fallen while wearing me. I can bear the weight of most who wear me, only if they don't wear me out. It is very sad when the taps of my heels go missing and have fallen off. This is a sign that I've been walked on in the wrong way.

Perhaps, instead of tipping over the rocks, they have trudged through. The heels of the pump are very sensitive, although they can take a lot they were not built for abuse. They were made to walk with a sense of daintiness. I am a pump!