My shoe thing â€¦ so it goes

by Jason_Love

Ten years agoâ€”I remember clearlyâ€”I stood outside the fitting room at Macyâ€™s wearing a new blazer. I turned to get an opinion on the matter and found a witch. I know she was witch because her words haunt me to this day:

â€œForget the blazer; you should worry about your shoes.â€•

I didnâ€™t listen to her because, well, I donâ€™t listen to anyone, but her words must have stuck: I have been on a shoe-buying binge ever since. Black shoes, brown shoes, blue shoes, white. Oxford, Skechers, British Knights.

At last count, I owned 62 pairs of shoes and continue to march on Imeldaâ€™s record. I only have two feet, right? Seven days in a week. 62 pairs ought to cut it.

No way.

Every shoe has its own personalityâ€”nuances in color, temper, feng shui. If Iâ€™m feeling auburn sassy, I canâ€™t wear shoes that say chestnut bold. I express myself accurately, artistically, and above all, shoefully.

On weekends when normal people are playing softball or watching movies, Iâ€™m at The Shoe Pavilion going nuts.

â€œOh, these are comfy. Give me two pairs in case one breaks down.â€•

And the shoes pile ever-higher. It would be okay if I could part with some, but I cannot. My hands wonâ€™t do it. There were those Wallabies that went into, came out of, and returned to style in the time Iâ€™ve owned them. I held them by the fray over the garbage but couldnâ€™t let go. What if someone has a Retro party?

My footware fills the closet floor, five shelves, and two Amazing Shoe Organizers. In fact, I recently reached a dilemma: either I purge the shoes that I havenâ€™t worn for three presidential terms or I start removing clothesâ€¦

I started with my shirts since I only need a few. If I want a shirt to say something novel, Iâ€™ll just change my shoes. Viola. Five cubic feet of free closet space.

I moved on to the pants and found that one pair of jeans suffices for a simple, low-maintenance guy like myself. I cut two pairs into shorts and sold a third on E-Bay to some poor chap who fell for that â€œlike newâ€• thing.

Because I am down to my last few outfits, I no longer wear clothes at home. I canâ€™t risk dirtying them. Iâ€™m naked even as I write this. Well, except for my sneakers.

The question is, â€œHow many shoes is enough?â€• Will I need to build a shoe wing onto my home? Perhaps my shrink can help me detach from the shoes I donâ€™t wear anymore. Or the ones I bought but never wore in the first place. I know what will happen: Iâ€™ll start having those barefoot nightmares again. So it goes.

It is particularly embarrassing because men arenâ€™t supposed to have a shoe thing. At least they donâ€™t know about my panty problem. Was that out loud?

As it stands, I am going to keep all my shoes because, you know, theyâ€™re paid for and they already fit and everything. Maybe Iâ€™ll always be one pair of shoes away from happiness. I guess it could be worse: I could have a closet full of blazers.

My shoe thing â€¦ so it goes by Jason_Love