

My First Platforms

Innocence is like the aroma of a fine perfume; to me, it lasted a long time in a matter of amulets. I was almost eighteen years since I began working under contract as an English teacher at primary level while I was waiting for my college papers to arrive, confirming if I had passed my entrance exam. Those two months were long, like trapped in an elevator waiting for someone to rescue you.

When I received my first salary, the first thing I did was to go to the store where rich girls use to buy things. I thought of something I really liked and wasn't indispensable, and something else that I needed and at the same time could give me luck.

I walked around the rings counter. I saw them all, one by one I tried on all the rings of my number with the pleasure of those who eat their favourite dessert. I bought a very thin ring of yellow gold that I still have. The superfluous was covered, the luxury. Now I was missing to purchase the necessary, the thing that I thought could give me luck.

I looked to myself through a mirror from head to toe, it was obvious that I required everything, but I could only afford to buy one single thing and not really expensive. So I remembered what my grandma use to said: "What matters is the facade and you are beautiful. As long as you have good shoes and those eyes, no one will notice that your clothes is not really fashionable or that it already has its years."

I walked through the shoe store when suddenly I found myself in front of them and I stood still like when you run onto a glass window. I shook my head, yes, there were the pair of shoes that I so wanted, the one that I envy so much from the models in TV. Finally I was going to have my platform shoes. I am going to be fashionable and I will look ten centimetres taller. I imagined myself walking with them around the world.

It was love at first sight; as soon as I tried them on I knew they were meant for me. The leather that they were made of was like touching a Persian cat; their forms pulsed between my hands. Their colour, blue-ish black, was like looking at the sky just about to burst into a desired storm. Their half circle buckles were the smile that convinced me to try them on, and they had the perfect platforms. Five centimetres in front and ten at the ankle gave me the perfect stability. I bought them and ask the lady in the store to put the pair of tennis shoes I was wearing in the box of the new shoes.

I walked out the store showing my new and inseparable pair of shoes. They accompany me everywhere, regardless of the daily grind, the rain or the mud; I even ran with them when I needed to catch the bus. I walked thousands of steps with them, maybe millions. They've seen a lot of countries with me, went up and down stairs with haste and confidence, knowing they would never pull me down to the ground.

From 1978 to 2003 we were inseparable, they knew about excesses and weariness. Many times I sent them to get fixed, sometimes from the straps, some other times from the buckles, the soles, or to get them painted; until one day, just like that, they began to agonize, the part where the arch of the foot goes plunged, the shoemaker told me that there was nothing left to do for them, and that I should get used to the idea of getting new ones, it took me one year to find their replacement.

I had to give my shoes a worthy death, or better said, donate them; but who would be interested in those really used shoes? Without thinking about it one day while i was walking through Barcelona, I walked into a shoe store and I started to look at them all. None of them could compare with my shoes but I had to make the change. I found a pair of moccasins of black velvet with platform little bit smaller but comfortable. I took off my platforms, I cleaned them really good, took them by the ankle bracelet and when I walked out of the store I placed them on the ground, next to the main counter. I walked four steps away and waited for a miracle to happen to them, after a while I saw how a young woman walked into the store and asked the storelady if she could take those blue-ish black shoes she just found on the floor. The shop girl just nodded without really caring. The woman tried them on; she turned her face and met my eyes filled with tears, she looked at me with a big smile and walked out the store wearing my platforms. I felt happy that they found a new owner who would love them. They would bring her luck as well, and with a little bit of this luck they would walk through a lot of streets and sensations together.

I did the same thing with the pair of shoes I had just bought that day, when they couldn't cope any more with my rhythm of life.