

# Walk a Mile in My Shoes

Emily Rose

Second Place winner age 13-14

## My Black Converse

Why does it rain on the people who need the sunshine the most? Every day I see people laughing, having fun and I wonder why they're happy. They have all that they want, and I wish they could feel what I feel. It feels like my heart is about to break, and I feel like crying until my eyes run dry.

"This is your fault; "I wish you would leave!", "Your dead to me!" That's what I used to hear three years ago and I can still hear it now: Three years ago everything was great, I had all of my sisters and my mom who I love dearly and my dad who I loved the most. I was "Daddy's little Girl". Anytime he went somewhere, he'll only take me, not my sisters; just me. I loved him so much, he was the world to me. Until one day my "World" passed away. When he passed away everything changed. My family wasn't there when I needed them and I didn't care about my friends because my Papi wasn't just a daddy to me, he was my best friend too. The one thing that I can remember that made me happy were my black Converse. My first pair was given to me three years ago; they were high tops; with knots in one of the laces; and some of the elastic that goes around the shoe was splitting off. I would run in them to get away from this place, so I didn't have to hear anything or anyone.

My second pair was blue and white; they were always dirty and I wore them to my graduation for 5th grade. It was hard to say goodbye to all my friends I had known ever since the first grade, but I had to move on and get a new pair of Converse to start off the next year. 6th grade came and I had my third pair of Converse; they were black low tops, one of them had a hole in them and I'll keep that hole to remember my memories of the 6th grade I remember having so much fun with my classmates that I'd forgotten all of my worries and fears. My friends would support me and I didn't feel like running away but I would always pretend I was happy when I wasn't. Once I came back home it was a nightmare, because I knew he wasn't there to say "Emily Rose, I love you!"

In the middle of the year, in 6th grade when I was going to the Jonas Brothers concert, I was thrilled to see them, so I got the longest Converse you would ever see. They went all the way up to my knee and I loved them so much!

6th grade was over, my long black Converse were still in good condition, and I was heading to 7th grade. I thought it was going to be great, but I was wrong. The summer went by too quickly and 7th grade for me, well it wasn't the most fun place to go to. The first day of school I was late and I wore my long black Converse and everybody stared at me, I hated it. I can only think they know about me. They're always happy and it is tough, when I feel so sad. Every day I get sadder and sadder to point where I think why am I here? I ask myself every day and I wish something or someone will come in my life and never leave me. I hate being this way! But I can't help the way I feel; it just hurts to know that my Papi is gone and I can't get over it. He's gone...He's gone... And he is never coming back.

My last Converse that I have is my semi-long Converse. It's black and red. They have twin zippers, one on one side for style and one in the back helps you zipper it up. I got them for my birthday; my sister bought them for me and I love them so much. On my birthday I felt like crying for no reason. It hurt, but I couldn't cry on my birthday. I felt lonely. So I just run, walk, take a bike ride to get all of my feelings out. I'm so lonely, to a point where I'm tired of everything: I'm tired of waking up in the morning to another day that I feel like everything is nothing; everyday I walk in fear, loneliness and confusion. My Papi was my best friend and I was never confused about anything or lonely when I was with him.

I'm grateful for having my sisters, and my mom but it hurts not telling them how I feel. It's hard for me to say things I wish to say. Once I get my new pair of Converse I'm going to try to be happy. I'm in a dark room looking for a light to lead me to happiness, and even though I fall, but I always get up and keep finding what I'm looking for...my best friend, my Dad. I know he is watching over me and when I look up in the sky I want to make him proud of me, so I'm not going to give up. I have faith that maybe one day a rainbow might shine on me, because I still believe that I am daddy's little girl.