

# Summary of narrative essay the shoes i worked for

[Business](#), [Industries](#)



Every child grows up wanting something that they feel they can't live without. No matter what that something is, it motivates the child to do whatever they have to do to get it. As a child, I have always been the type to take care of and keep every pair of shoes I get. The love I had for shoes was unexplainable and I often tended to go nuts if someone had worn them without asking. Still to this day I'm crazy about them and I have accepted the fact that I am a shoe fanatic. Every time I go shopping it's a must I pick up a pair of shoes.

When I was 13, I remember being mad at my mother because we went shopping but she wouldn't buy me a pair of shoes. I remember it all like yesterday. " Mom! Can you please buy me a pair of Nikes? " I asked. " No I just bought you a pair of shoes last week" she replied. " Please Mama I promise I won't ask for any more shoes in a long time" I begged. " No Crystal and that's my final answer. You have plenty shoes at home and half of them you have only worn once. Money doesn't grow on trees, when you get a job then you could buy all the shoes you want.

I no longer bothered to argue back because I could hear the seriousness in her voice. I know that if I had responded I would've been pushing it too far. So I didn't ask for anything else the rest of that day and I stayed to myself. I tried to convince myself that I could get the shoes on my own, but I knew that wasn't going to happen, if I was sitting on my butt all day. I came up with an idea to save all my money and it's exactly what I did. I saved my lunch money and went days without eating. I was hungrier for the shoes than I actually was for food.

I also came up with other ways to get money by helping my neighbor with her garden, helping my brother cut lawns, and helping him wash cars. After about two weeks I came up with enough of money and I was so ecstatic. Knowing for the first time I was going to pay for a pair of shoes kind of felt great. On my way to buy the shoes I talked the whole time. I know I was probably getting on everyone's nerve in the car but I didn't care. Out of mom, grandma, brother, and cousin, my mom was the happiest. " Mom when we get to the mall we're going inside of Champs first.

Ok? " " Ok. You're going to finally see what it feels like to buy expensive things and then be broke. " " Mom it's no biggie, as long as I get the shoes I'll be the happiest person on Earth. " " So you say but I'm very proud that you've chosen to work and spend your own money" Walking out the Champs store with my Nikes in the bag, I felt great. To be honest, it had really felt like Christmas. I couldn't wait to sport my shoes to school the next day. I prepared myself for school that night taking out my clothes and " swaging" my new shoes up.

My brother was kind of jealous and I saw it in his eyes. He tried to ruin my mood that whole day but I paid him no mind. As I awoke the next morning, I noticed that my shoes were gone. So many thoughts ran through my head and all that was left to do was to scream. " Ahhhhhh! Somebody took my shoes. " " What happened? " My mother yelled as she came running down the hall " Somebody took my shoes" I said as I begin to cry. I didn't think that my brother would do such evil thing but who else could've taken them?

My mom wouldn't do that to me so it only left my brother to blame. Sure enough he had hidden my shoes under his bed. He'd gotten in big trouble and he was put on punishment. I was glad that a thief or a robber hadn't actually taken my shoes. After wearing my shoes twice, something very tragic happened; they ripped. I learned a valuable lesson from those shoes. I learned not to spend every last penny you have for something you want because whatever it is that you want can disappear, get broken, or simply be no good.