

*Amy Probst*  
**fear is a shoe**

**M**rs. Green chomps Teaberry gum and keeps the snacks to herself and my right heel hurts so bad because fear is a shoe. Today, right now, it is a Tilly The Turtle shoe from Kinney's, brown ugly leather with a stupid green turtle embroidered on the side, and an orthopedic arch support. Because fear is an ugly fucking shoe with a raised heel of lumpy clear rubber and a bulbous toe that looks horrible and smashes into my foot but I have to wear it, anyway. I will get in huge trouble for not keeping them on, and plus They never let me forget how expensive these horrible shoes were, more than regular shoes, more than my sister's, and my not even wanting them doesn't make me less a target of anger. Fear is a shoe and curved is my back, so special shoes were advised by the doctor. They are too tight in places and too long in the toe and I can't be myself in these shoes, not on the inside or on the outside, because they look stupid on top of hurting. And I will get screamed at if I complain because, you know it, fear is a shoe. Mrs. Green, nodding off at the blackboard where she leans and slows her chomp, will tell if I kick them off during class.