**The Lonely Shoe**

Once upon a time, there was a shoe. But this wasn’t just any kind of shoe, this was a lonely shoe.

The shoe wasn’t always lonely, once he was a matching shoe. He and his other half had been worn proudly and people always called them a ‘ lovely pair of shoes’. But that all changed

when his other half got lost. His owner stopped wearing him, so he just stood in the shoe box, collecting dust.

He tried to chat with the other pairs of shoes, but they just ignored him. Then one day, when he was sadder than ever, he was picked up, put in a box with some junk, and placed in his owner’s car. His owner then carried the box into a very big and noisy place. The Lonely Shoe didn’t know where he was or what was happening. Where was he? Why was he here? What was his owner doing? The shoe peeped out of the box to take a look. A sign said :

**Welcome to this year’s annual**

**Monster Auction!**

An auction ? thought the shoe, Why did my owner bring me here? Surely no one wants to buy a shoe without a matching one? So the shoe sat miserably in the box. Suddenly he thought he heard another shoe cry out :’’ Left, oh Left are you here?’’ Right? He whispered. He looked up out of the box. ‘’Right? ‘’ he said ‘’Right!?’’ he shouted. ‘’Left? Oh Left it *is* you!’’ Right called out joyfully. ‘’Oh my dear Left, I have missed you so!’’ ‘’Me too Right , me too’’ cried Left. ‘’I am so glad I have found you!’’ Just then the man with Right in his box saw Left and realised that Left and Right were a matching pair of shoes. He picked up Right , brought her over to Left’s owner and told him that he had found his right shoe and handed her over.

Afterwards:

Left and Right were joyfully reunited and their owner wore them proudly every day and they were never separated again.

The man that found Right won the Jackpot on the Lottery and bought himself 201 pairs of shoes.

And all the junk that was in the box with Left got sold ( except for a single lily flower, but that’s another story )

So that brings an end to our story The Lonely Shoe.

But, in the end, the shoe was no longer lonely.

The End

*By Sarah Nestor*