

The Story of the Left Slipper

I'm going to tell you a story about a left slipper. But first, let me check if you're ready for the story.

Snuggle up.

(whispering) Press your secret button to listen to a story.

Theere we go. Now we can start.

Once upon a time, there was a left slipper who really wanted to be the right one. Actually, it didn't really know what it wanted — it only knew it didn't want what it had and it wanted exactly what it didn't have. So, it was a very unhappy slipper.

"I want to be the right one, and that's it! Why do I always have to be on the left foot? Maybe the right foot sees better, maybe the right foot walks softer, maybe the right side is so much better and so different," said the left slipper. And it didn't say it just once — it kept saying it every morning, every day, and night. It was a very, very unhappy slipper.

One ordinary day, the right slipper said, "Since you're so unhappy, like the end of the world is near, I suggest we switch places. You will be on the right foot for a while. Try it, walk around, take some steps, you will see what it feels like when someone is dragging the right foot. If you like it, we can keep switched and wear ourselves the wrong way. As long as there's peace in the house, I'm happy."

"Well, I don't know," said the left slipper. "I want to, but it's difficult to make such a big decision. What if I don't like being on the right foot either?"

"You surely don't like being on the left foot, so why don't you try standing on the right foot, so you can be honest with yourself?" answered the right slipper calmly.

"Alright. Let's switch places — come what may!"

And so they did. At night, while the owner of the slippers was sleeping, the left and right slippers swapped places. Now the right one stood on the left foot, and the left one on the right.

"Why didn't you mention *me* first? I'm always the last one," said the right slipper.

"Oh, sorry, left slipper. I really didn't mean to hurt you. I'm rooting for you and can't wait to see how this *switched* walking will go tomorrow."

In the morning, when the owner got up, she didn't even notice the slippers were on the wrong feet and she immediately put them on the wrong way. We can't say she was comfortable. She walked a bit funny, almost tripped once, and frowned from time to time. But what really matters to us is how the left slipper felt on the right foot.

Well, left slipper, how was it?

"Hmm? I have nothing to say. Nothing looks better from here. Nothing at all is different — it's so similar, that it's sad. Much the same. But there's something even worse."

"Oh, is there something worse than that, dear left slipper?"

“Well, it seems like there is. The owner keeps hitting me with her right big toe against the left wall, and it’s unbearable now. She might even make a hole in me.

And she wouldn’t even think of switching the slippers — that wouldn’t cross her mind. Thinking about it, it was much nicer on the left foot. At least, none of the toes were hurting me there. The conditions were way better. This is unbelievable. The world has gone crazy.”

Okay, okay, can you stop for a moment? Now, as soon as the owner take off her slippers, we will switch back, and we will finally have peace.

“Ugh, I don’t like peace; I prefer...”

“I can’t listen to this anymore. You’re unhappy about everything. You keep complaining. If nothing suits you, go take a nap in the shoe cabinet. The rest of us don’t have to listen to your whining. This is not our fault and we didn’t do anything to make you feel this way.”

The left slipper was silent. I think it finally started thinking. At least it seemed so. And while it was thinking, the owner suddenly took off her slippers because she decided to jump on her parents’ bed. Quickly, the left slipper went to the right foot, and the right slipper to the left — and now everything was the way it should be. Or — we’ll see.

The girl finally stopped jumping after one hundred twenty-six jumps and put on her properly arranged slippers.

“Alright. This is better. Okay, I admit it, why are you looking at me like that — you were right. I simply wasn’t grateful for what I had and I always wanted something else. But now I’m happy, it’s comfortable. Alright, I won’t complain anymore. EXCEPT when it’s really necessary, because sometimes it’s really necessary to complain to ease the slipper’s soul.”

“Alrighty then. I’m glad you tried and you learned something. And I’m glad you’re my left half — you are cute after all.”

“Only cute???”

“Ohhh.”

And so, the left and right slippers walked on together—who knows how many more miles—but the left slipper never complained so much again. It learned to be happy and thankful for what it had.

Story’s done, hope you had fun! And I’m waving to you until next time.

(whispering) You can turn off your secret button for stories now. Bye!!!

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