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The Sneaker

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The Sneaker

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"There I sat, just my brother and I. I had been on the same shelf now for almost one year. I wanted to get out of that store so badly that I would do almost anything. On the day before Christmas I was taken off the shelf and put in a bag."

Cover Page Footnote
THE SNEAKER

By Kevin Wyszkowski

There I sat, just my brother and I. I had been on the same shelf now for almost one year. I wanted to get out of that store so badly that I would do almost anything. On the day before Christmas I was taken off the shelf and put in a bag.

The next morning I was rudely awakened by a rough fourteen-year-old boy who tore me out of the box, looked at me for a few minutes and then threw me underneath a Christmas tree. It was dark and damp under there. Whenever a person walked by the tree, pine needles fell all over me. I could do nothing, I just layed there on my side with my tongue sticking out.

After about a week, the brat decided to try me on. I had a nice little chevron sign on my right side with “Pony” written above that. I was as white as newly fallen snow and I smelled good too. The kid's foot had an awful odor. Thank goodness that he was wearing a sock to help muffle the stench. I tried to fight him, but he grabbed me by my tongue, pounded my “soul” into the floor and started to tie me up with a shoe lace. At this very moment I realized that a sneaker’s life was not what it was cracked up to be.

The next morning I was awakened at seven o’clock. At times he was so cold for the rest of the day.

When I arrived at school the next day, I decided to get back at this jerk for what he was putting me through. For the rest of the rest of the month of January I squeched as he walked through the halls. At times he was so embarrassed that he couldn’t stand me.

This kid had me and my brother for about six months. During this time I felt that we served him very well. We basically got him where he had to go. He didn't seem to care about the good job which we were doing because during that time we were kicked, beaten, tattooed with pens of every color, ripped, frost bitten, etc. The cruelties that we endured just go on and on.

One day in late July my brother was lost. I was frantic because we shoes realize that when one of us are lost we rarely ever make it back. I was alone now. What was to become of me? I was old and dilapidated; my “soul” was worn out from serving my owner. I was no longer white, but, instead a dingy gray, ripped and torn. Nobody would want me without my brother.

I was thrown into a large box with other shoes. It was like a prison. Many of these shoes were out of style. The life I lived in this box for the next year was depressing. But then one day, out of the blue, my brother was thrown into the box. I was so happy to see him.

When we were four years old, we were both finally removed from the box and forced to walk behind a lawnmower. This is probably where we will spend the rest of our lives until we are fed to the big German Shepard as a toy.

Cosmo, The Tailor

The sun goes home
In the west,
And ends another day;
The manager,
Towards the east,
Sends Cosmo on his way.

Old Cosmo sews
All the day
From early morning
‘Til night;
He sews
And mends
And makes okay
What others can’t set aright.
He patches holes,
He shortens cuffs,
And tightens pants
That are too wide.
All that once
Was a mess
He fixes with great pride.
He listens to the Italian tenor Caruso,
Who on the radio sings old songs so well;
To little children gone astray in the store,
Old Cosmo a few nice, old stories does tell.
He hums during his work,
His joy he never hides;
He moves his needle assuredly,
Back and forth with great stride.

Roger Scalzo