

The little shoemaker.

Dear diary,

This week has been pandemonium; it started on the 30th of May. Two hours after sunrise I awakened and prepared myself for the day: dusting each and every shoe, boot, and heel with the same amount of care that I would have given to my own children (if I had any). When I was stroking Louisa lovingly, a beautiful middle-aged lady skipped past; she looked at Louisa longingly. Smiling, I picked up Louisa and nodded at the middle-aged lady. All of a sudden, a scarlet van zoomed down the cobble stone street, I was outraged to discover that the van screeched to halt right outside my shop!

A copper red haired, thin as a pin six footer with a twenty centimetre tall jet black top hat swaggered out; the outside of this man's van turned into shelves with night black leather heeled boots with cherry red rims and faux diamonds studded at the top. Excitedly, the middle-aged woman ran over speechless. At the sight of this, I ran out with Louisa placed on an emerald green pedestal and rang a slightly rusted copper bell to get the lady's attention, she gushed with happiness, I thought I had won- I could not have been so wrong. Before the charming woman could pay, the red head produce a 20% off sign. I had lost.

Hanging my head, I made my way back to the shop, before I could sit down at my desk, I was embraced by a lightbulb moment. Quick as a flash, I got to work - a few hours later I had finished making a perfect pair of cowboy boots,

"Let's see how he copes with this," I whispered with a note of menace in my voice.

On the 1st of June, I brought out a polished oak desk with wheels attached to the bottom so it was easier to move, on top of it was

the pair of cowboy boots I made the night before and the copper bell. Whilst I looked at the red head expectantly, he looked at me as if he were crying with laughter as he pulled a scarlet red lever; the shelves filled up with cowboy boots, each and every one the exact same. Although I hated to admit it, I knew that this competitor was always one step ahead of me.

Pulling the oak desk behind me, I went back into the shop with a heavy heart. As I sat on my desk with my head in my hands, a pair of army boots approached me – they were a jet-black pair of lace up boots with numerous medals pinned on dead straight on their right-hand side. They saluted to me with one of their laces, as the other shoes gave me a tin of golden paint. A pair of sneakers nodded at me as if to say they should be gold and that they have a brilliant plan. I frowned at them, to give me an explanation, they gave me a letter: my competitor, who turns out to be called Richard Ventout, asked me to give him £790 as he had had more costumers than I had this week. Once I had finished reading the letter, I understood what the shoes were planning to do, the gold paint they gave me plus the price of the sneakers was 790, I immediately got to work painting the sneakers.

The next day I brought a pale rose box and gave it to Richard, the box contain the golden sneakers. As soon as he saw them, Richard was kicking off his old shoes and putting these golden ones on, as he did so the sneakers made his feet run far, far away from my town. Ten minutes later, a sky-blue van appeared but this time I know what to do.