

Fairy Tale - The Boots Family

Once upon a time, there was a family of boots. Father Boots were strong leather work boots. With deep wrinkles and seat stains on them. Mother Boots were like winter boots, always soft to the touch and a feeling of warmth when you slipped them on. Big Sister Boots were like white marching band boots. They always walked straight. Keeping between the lines just far enough ahead of me I hardly remember seeing them before they marched over the hill top. Big Brother Boots were like desert boots. They weren't very protective for walking in the desert but they kept the sand out when he went off the beaten path. And then there were the Baby Cowboy Boots. Cowboy boots, outlaw tough and proud or so it seemed.

The time came and the three kid boots left the store. Sister Boots left and came back with tassels or boot chains or other nice things she had achieved through hard work and always seemed spit shined. Big Brother Boots decided to go to the mountains. Like I said earlier, desert boots weren't really designed for the desert much less mountains. The mountains are really hard on the leather and soles. He slips but always seems to catch himself before he slides too far down the mountain. When Big Brother Boots came home the soles were worn and one string was frayed and the other was gone. But with help of Father Boots he made some shoelaces and went back to the mountains and decided to settle in the foothills where the paths are beaten down more.

When Baby Cowboy Boots left the store he had some scuff marks on him, but nothing a little polish wouldn't take care of. So off he went to get his feet wet. And unless he got wet and muddy Mother Boots would dry out and polish him and warm him up. After a while she would polish him before he was dry. So he began to appear polished on the outside but kind of cold and damp on the inside. Mother Boots put on so much polish the warmth quit drying out the Cowboy Boots.

Cowboy Boots began to fill up with alcohol to keep warm and get a kick out of it. But this took away his shine. As Mother Boots tried to shine him, she became tired and let the get dull. And she decided to let the mud and the blood and the pain and the crud build up for awhile.

Cowboy Boots started to feel this weight and wondered why Mother Boots wasn't wiping everything off. And she said she was out of the old polish and I had to wait for everything to dry before she could use the new polish. And in the mean time it was up to Baby Cowboy Boots to kick off all the mud, dry from the inside out and clean out all crap and corruption from between every stitch. Cowboy Boot refused and stayed just the same, but tired of always being cold and wet. He finally told Mother Boots he wanted to dry out and get his shine back and asked her for some new polish but she wouldn't give it to him. She told him to go see the Boot Maker. He was the one who really had what he needed.

Cowboy Boots had heard of the Boot Maker but had never seen him. Cowboy Boots thought new boots just came and showed up in the store. So he went to the Boot Maker feeling very heavy. And when he went up to the Boot Makers bench he looked up and saw a light, but couldn't see the Boot Maker. Suddenly he heard a voice and he felt warm inside. It was warmth from oil filling him up. It felt good and he wanted more. But the Boot Maker's voice said to keep coming back and I'll fill you up until you overflow. Slowly Cowboy Boots heavy lead was starting to crumble away and as the Boot Maker kept adding the oil his shine began to return. Mother Boots was so proud that Cowboy Boots kept going to the Boot Maker's work bench where the light was. And she knew that Cowboy Boots luster was greater than all the polishing she could have done. And the whole Boot family clicked their heals together in joy!

THE END