



# Back to School Challenge: High School Disaster Averted

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The things that are done "for your own good"

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High school is starting and I should be so excited. I am going to high school and my expectations are over the moon. Maybe just a little nervous 'cause there will be so many students and teachers there I haven't met. I don't know if any of my friends will be in my classes. Makes me nervous to have all new people. It still feels warm, but knowing the cooler autumn weather is just around the corner, I have several sweaters and skirts and shirts hanging up ready if it does turn chilly for the first days. I figured I was as ready as I'll ever be. But instead, I just want to run away and find new parents. Appointment with the pediatrician. "Because the doctor needs to make sure you have had all your immunizations." Oh, and I can't believe I am still going to a child doctor. Can you tell me why they would decide to

listen to a pediatrician at my age? I have fallen arches. Flat feet. I cannot see the big deal. I secretly thought it was pretty funny, but never cracked a smile. They bring me to a specialty store and buy lace-up, low rise, combat shoes. Styled in some black fuzzy stuff. Each one weighs three pounds. And let's get them a size larger than I need since I might grow. All my shoes have been worn out by the time I have grown into them. The same thing with my pants, skirts, and dresses. Buy them a size large and hem them. And the next year there would be a whitish line on the crease where they had been hemmed. Note to Self: Remember how dorky you looked and don't do it to children of your own. "Remember you have to wear them all day. At least eight hours." And you never, repeat never, argued with my mother. If she said I had to wear them, I had to wear them. I can sob and moan and she will just tell me to get out of the room. Quiet tears running down my cheeks I just get "stop those crocodile tears right now." That makes a whole lot of sense. That is it. My life is ruined. They couldn't have planned it better to make sure everyone would wonder who would wear those shoes every day and poke each other and giggle, and... it's a nightmare to even contemplate. My life is ruined. Maybe they will think I am from a foreign country if I talk with an accent. How hard could that be? "Si, si, señor." So. Short of jumping off the roof and hoping to break my leg in several places, I am stuck with these shoes. No. Refusing to accept such abuse I get my cute little black flats and hide them in my bookbag and off I go to the bus stop. As soon as the bus pulls away the clunkers get taken off along with the white socks and into the bookbag they go. Cute black flats and I am transformed into a stunning woman. Just have to remember every day. And I do. School will prepare you for being organized and thinking ahead. The kids at the bus stop know me and know my mother so they promise to never tell. The next year before school starts, the doctor is puzzled as to why my feet are still flat as a pancake. "Completely flat feet still." Thank goodness, I mean who looks at the bottom of your foot? Adults.