

In my shoes I was a sliding machine, in reality I was an amateur at best. But at the very least, I did feel super suave when storming through Tesco in my pink and white Heelies. They were mainly made up of a cheap not-quite-white plastic with a pink strip that squiggled and dipped along the length of them. I had massive feet for my age, by 11 I was squeezing into a size 6 trainer. This amazing shoe was a huge fad at the time, and mine had just been express delivered the day before. So after countless excited hours of me practising my technique on our laminate flooring, much to the disdain of Mum and Dad, I was ready to test them in the real world. I shoved my feet into the foot sized scooters and fastened the laces while Mum gathered up the reusable plastic bags from the drawer, avoiding the orange of the Sainbury's bags — for loyalty purposes. We were on our way to Tesco. I could see it now, as we drove I sat and readied myself for the smooth, shiny marbled floors of the supermarket, aisles made specifically for me to storm down. The perfect runways for my new found locomotive confidence. I clambered out of the car on my tip toes, as this was the only way of not falling over and probably causing severe brain damage, It looked rather foolish and I was embarrassed by the need to do this. However I soldiered on, I was finally out of the car and on some smooth tarmac, I rode my way to the sliding doors and once inside I was ready for the vegetable aisle. There were more obstacles than I expected, Monday morning pensioners were grumbling at the sight of my new found mobility. After a good ten minutes of sliding and skidding while my mum disapprovingly tutted at me, I was halted dead in my tracks by a large Tesco-clad crank. She mumbled 'those things are banned in here' to my mother. I was outraged, I'd only just caught onto this craze and now places were banning them!? I went bright with embarrassment and tip-toed away to the bread and cereals aisle. That trip took a lot longer than usual because of my need to sheepishly walk on the ball of my foot, I'm not sure if I ever wore my Heelies outside of my laminated house again, and it wasn't long before my feet could barely squeeze a toe into them anyway.