

THE
BEST
SURPRISE
EVER



joy, color and
passport req

SKECHERS

The Best Surprise Ever

By La Shay Trevillion

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Far far ago, there lived a girl, that resided on the other side of the world, in Fantastica.

She loved everything; School, dance, food, jewelry, even smelly boys, toys and especially, shoes. One day her mother called her to the kitchen.

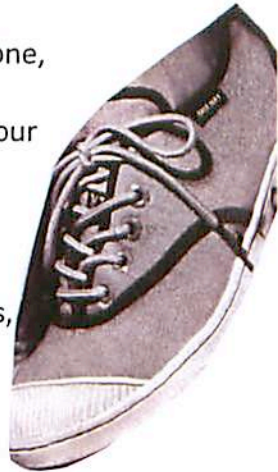
"My sweet sweet Kylie darling, I need to ask you a quick something." Skipping, one, two, three stairs, she tumbled headfirst. "Why my Kylie, why do you insist on wearing your shoes untied?" her mother said.

Still a little shook up from her fall, Kylie stared into her mother's eyes, dazed for seconds, before she responded.

"MommMMM, this is the style! You know, what's in now... the latest trend?" her mother didn't understand. There was no way walking around town with one's shoe strings unbound was allowed, thought her mother.

"You will be a clown if you walk with your shoe strings dragging on the ground. No more laced shoes for you!"

Kylie then ran upstairs to her room. Lying on her bed, she took out a purple marker and a blank sheet of paper. IM NOT A CLOWN! She wrote then balled up the paper and threw it to the floor. Later that night her father came home from work. He worked at a big shoe store: Greatest Wish. The store had all the shoes you could think of. Shoes with stars, some with



hearts, ones with dinosaurs and a few with cars. Reds and blues, yellows and pinks, some rainbow and few more that could even speak.

"Daddy, mom says I can't wear the shoes that make me cool." She whined. Her mother had just so happened to be listening in the next room.

"What do you mean sweetie?" her father asked.

"Everyone at school says they're only *my* friend and nobody else's because of my shoes. They make me cool."

Her father paused before continuing. "Honey, listen to me and listen carefully. You are cool all the time. Your shoes don't make you. Do your shoes talk for you in class?"

"No. but..."

"Do your shoes have the most beautiful smile?"

"No daddy."

"Then don't listen to those other kids at your school, because with their negative attitudes, you'll do better without."

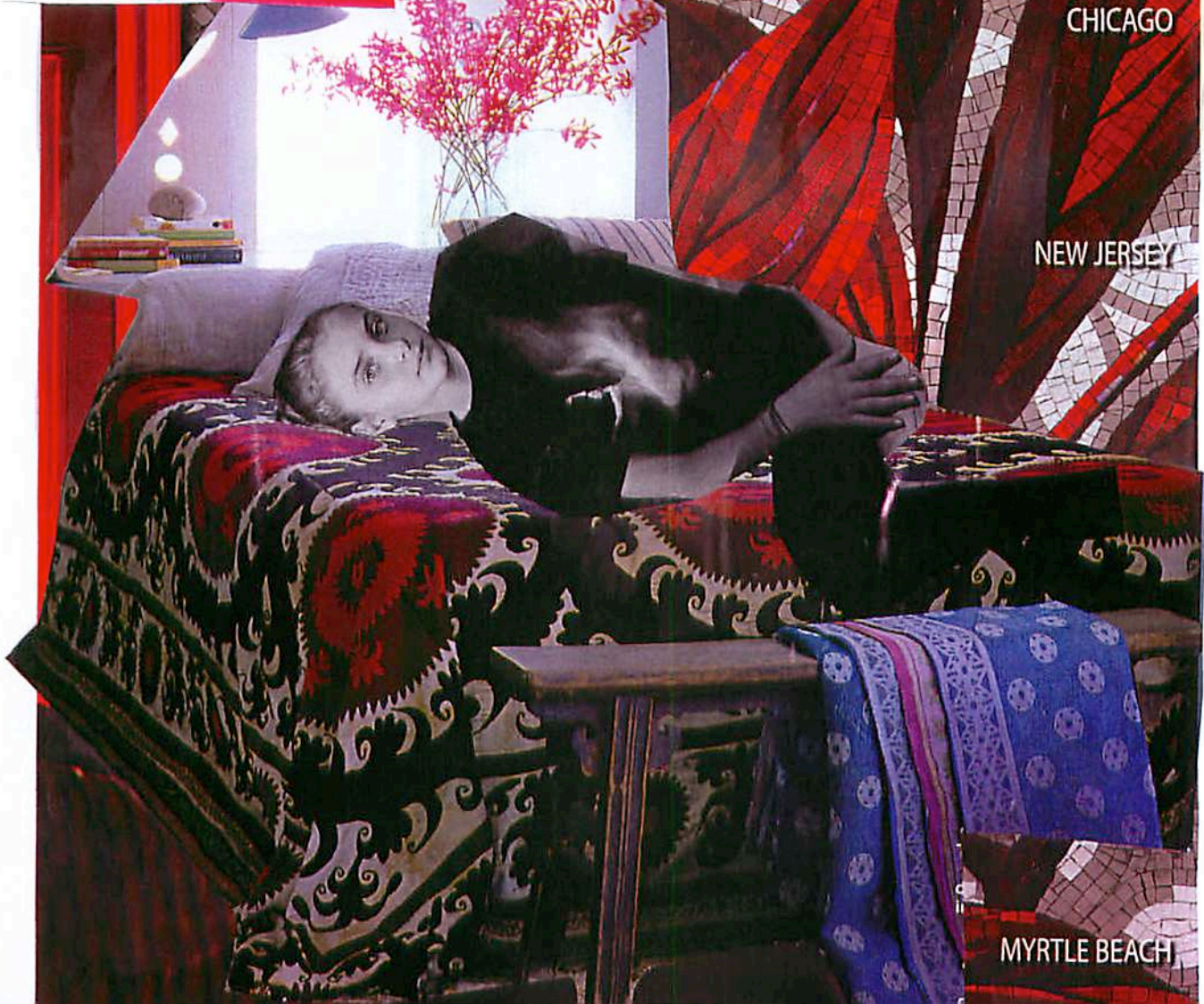
The next day at school Kylie showed up wearing her slippers and her favorite pair of socks. Her friends looked at her in disgust. They snickered and teased and they said nasty nasty things.

"Kylie is a weirdo and has no friendos...she is a grandma cause she has on slippers." They chanted and ran away. When Kylie told the teacher, Ms. Gladis, she wanted to know



CHICAGO

NEW JERSEY



MYRTLE BEACH

what was said and who said it. But Kylie didn't want to tell on her friends, instead she said, "Never mind."

Back at home Kylie was sad. Her mother asked, "How was school today?" Instead of answering, she walked past, went into the bathroom and sat. It was her place to think. She sat for minutes, then hours, maybe even days. Knock, knock, knock. She got up and opened the door. There was only a shoebox. She looked inside but only saw a ball of paper. "I KNOW YOU'RE NOT A CLOWN." Who had put the box there?

Downstairs she saw her mom working at her laptop. "Mom, do you know who gave me this?" just then she revealed the shoebox. Her mother looked at it.

"Let me see" she said. She shook it and tapped the bottom.

"There's only a paper. This paper." In her hands, her mother looked at the strange note.

"No, I don't know who wrote this? Ask your father when he comes."

So all night she waited. First minutes, then hour's, maybe even days. Then she heard keys. Jing, Jing, Jing. She jumped right from her bed onto the floor. She skipped one, two, three stairs and tumbled right onto her father's feet.

"Daddy! I got a box today and it had a note in it. Did you give it to me? Mommy didn't. Someone did. I just don't know who." Said the anxious Kylie.

"Ummm... no, I didn't give you the box either." He said while looking at Kylie's mother.

"That's weird" Kylie said as she disappeared into the kitchen.

In the kitchen Kylie had a few strawberries and a glass of orange juice; her favorite night snack. While drinking Kylie thought about school. She didn't like the way her friends were treating her. Her friend Versatile had stopped being her best friend, and her closest friend Trada, was now so far away, playing with another group of girls. Kylie didn't understand anymore because she had on her cool shoes again. But still, nobody wanted to be her friend. So, everyday at recess, she sat on the swing, swinging alone on her own. She skipped bars on the monkey bars without the praise of her friends and she played tag without anyone around to chase her. Day by day, Kylie went unnoticed. Her parents and her teacher loved her, she knew that, but she didn't like going to school without the love of her friends.

One day a new girl came to class.

"Class this is Clarissa. She is from Fantastica too, but she stays up north, by Travel city. She will be in our class for the rest of the year, so please help her around if she needs it. "Helloooo, Clariissaa," Shouted the class. Kylie liked Clarissa, maybe it was her lunch box that had butterflies over it, or maybe it was the way she dressed. Kylie then knew what it was. It was her shoes. Clarissa had been from a different place and Kylie knew that meant new fabulous shoes.

Clarissa had on the most amazing shoes ever! They didn't have shoestrings, but they did. They weren't a color but they were. They were some cool shoes called Sketchers.

"I like your shoes," someone said but she just stood there. She felt a poke. Kylie hadn't known that Clarrissa was talking to her.

"Thanks. Nobody else does."

"Really? People don't like my shoes either where I'm from."

Kylie couldn't believe what she was hearing. Clarissa went on to explaining how she didn't have friends at her old school so her mother moved her to a new school. "Yes, my mother didn't like when I told her kids were making fun of me. She talked to my teacher but the kids just wouldn't stop. Then one day, my mom told me I was coming to *this* school. Kylie told Clarissa about the mean people in the class all through lunch, at snack time and at nap time and when she finally finished, Clarissa said, "That's okay, we've got each other now."

Kylie got home and told her mom about Clarissa and how she was her bestest friend in the whole world of Fantastica.

"Honey, that's wonderful! I was starting to worry about how you were doing at school."

"Yep, and it's all true. She's so pretty and she loves shoes and strawberries and orange juice! She loves dancing and she can sing too, but in a good way." Kylie's mother was excited to hear about her daughter finding a new friend. But there was something her mother hadn't told her.

"Sweetie what was her name again?"

"Clarissa, Like... Princess Clarissa!"

"Oh. Okay. Well guess what? Clarissa is your cousin from out of town, and she'll be staying with us now."

Kylie could hardly control herself." Huh? Where is she now? Why didn't she come home with me?!"

She is going to stay with an aunt, aunt Lydia for another day, to do a little shopping.

The next day at school Clarissa and Kylie were together the whole day. They played and painted, sang and danced all day, hand in hand. Kylie said to Clarissa, I've always wanted a cousin, and a friend like you." And Clarissa gladly said, "I've waited minutes, hours, even days for a friend and cousin like *you*. And everyday from then on, Kylie and Clarissa had the most fun in the whole world of fantastica.

