

It's A Funny Old World

This week's columnist: Shazia Mirza

'Soon I'll need crutches just to move in my stilettos'

“ I suffer from a serious condition — shoe amnesia. Recently I bought a new dress and while in the shop decided that I had no shoes to match, so I bought a new black pair. When I got home, I opened my wardrobe and out fell nine (almost identical) pairs of black shoes.

And surely the point of shoes is to put them on your feet to protect them from the elements as you make your way through the world. So why do I have 200 pairs and only three I can actually walk in? Some are so treacherously high the only thing I can do in them is sit, which rather defeats their purpose.

Even when I do wear my posh shoes out, I regret it. I went out for dinner the other night with my girlfriends, in heels. One of my friends had to hold my hand to walk me down the street; the other had to lean against me to balance me upright while standing in a queue, and another had to hold my handbag because I couldn't walk straight enough to carry it. What's

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Where I've been... Winnipeg, Canada. It's just like Coventry.

What I've seen... Barry Manilow on DVD. I'm preparing for when I see him live next month.

Who I've met... A Celine Dion look-alike at Winnipeg airport.

What I've bought... An electric toothbrush. I'm finally moving into the 21st century.

Shoes by the yard — as long there's no actual walking involved



the point of going out if I need this many carers? Soon I'll need crutches just to move in my stilettos.

And they're so bad for your feet. Let's face it, there is nothing more unattractive than wearing an expensive pair of shoes with plasters and bunions hanging out over the edge. The worst thing is, I always have to carry a pair of flip-flops in my handbag to run in when I get off the bus, or in case my heel breaks or a blister develops midway through the night.

When I think of all the money I've spent on shoes — some of which I've only worn once for a few hours — I feel like crying. Some were hideously expensive. I was tempted by a pair of heels yesterday that cost £500! I could buy a new car for that. And it'd take me further. I've paid hundreds for some, but it's really those trusty £1.99 flip-flops that do all the hard work.

From now on, before I buy I'm going to think: 'Can I walk to Tesco in them?' If the answer is no, back they go. Otherwise I'll end up being the little old lady who lives in a very uncomfortable shoe!"

Next week *Miriam Margolyes*

Winnipeg, Canada. 'Just like Coventry,' says Shazia

