

THE LOST FLIP-FLOP

By Emily Zhao

I was staying in a condo with my family for a few days in Spain when my mom told me to pack up to go to the beach. I jumped up and quickly packed a beach towel, sunglasses, sunscreen, my swimsuit, goggles, and earmuffs in case Mia screamed in the car. Mia is my younger sister. I was packed in less than five minutes.

I opened the balcony door in my room and a warm wind blew onto my face. I looked up at the sun and it burned my eyes. The air smelled like salt water. I could see the shiny bright blue ocean and the beach. There were so many birds flying in the sky and chirping in palm trees. I closed the heavy glass door and grabbed my blue and white striped beach bag.

I walked down the hallway with its wood floors and white walls. There were paintings and pictures of caves and beaches. I slowly went downstairs hoping I wouldn't trip as the steps were steep and small and I'm clumsy.

I heard stomping coming from the ceiling and I knew it was Mia. She ran down the stairs and yelled, "YAY, I GET TO GO TO THE BEACH TODAY!! HEHEHE!"

I put on my sandals and my mom said, "No, no, no, you can't wear sandals today. You need to wear flip-flops." I have hated flip-flops ever since I was three because they would always hurt my toes.

"Fine... but it'll be your fault if my flip-flop decides to go take a swim in the ocean and never come back," I said.



It was then that I realized my flip-flops were still in the car. It meant I'd have to walk on the burning brick floor outside to get to the car. I prayed that the skin on my feet wouldn't burn. I took a deep breath and then ran, tip-toe style, to the car. I could feel the brick floor burning my feet, so I ran faster.

And then I heard a scream. A loud and monstrous scream. It was so loud that the birds near the building flew away in horror. I didn't want to turn around, but I did, and there stood Mia with her feet on the burning ground. I looked in horror. How is she able to stand there for a full minute without her feet burning? 'Is she ok? Am I seeing things correctly? Is Mia human?' I thought as I ran to the car.

I opened the back door, crawled into the car, and put on my flip-flops. When I got out, it felt like crabs were pinching my feet. As I walked, it got even worse. I thought about Mia. She was going to have to wear flip-flops and would have to suffer with me.

I returned to the condo, got my beach bag, hopped back in the car, and looked out the window. It was then I saw something that I knew I would never forget. Mia was walking perfectly with flip-flops on without whining! She was even running! Our flip-flops were made of plastic which is why I hated them. The plastic ones are so uncomfortable, and it hurts so much to walk in them.

My mom and dad got in the car, and we waited for Mia to come. She was still skipping happily with her flip-flops on. She got in the car and then my dad started driving. The drive felt like hours, but it was only thirty minutes. I fell asleep in the car and so did Mia.

When I awoke, I saw the shiny bright blue ocean and the yellow sand. There were seagulls and a food court. There were boats on the water. I got up and stretched, only to feel the pain on my feet again. 'I'm not going to be able to walk so fast today,' I thought. "Come on, let's go," said my mom. We had to walk downhill and that caused even more pain!

When we finally made it down to the beach, I felt the warm wind on my face. Mia ran, pulling me close to her. She made me bury her in the sand and give her a mermaid tail, so I did because she agreed that if I did, she'd give me all her French Fries. It took me forever to make the tail because Mia kept on wanting me to make changes to it. It took an hour to finish it.

I then got up, looked around, and noticed that my flip-flop really was gone! I guess my prediction was right; my flip-flop decided to take a swim in the ocean. I started looking for it but couldn't see it anywhere.

When it was time to leave, I saw my flip-flop on the other side of the beach next to a rock. I started running and finally got hold of it. I put it on and started walking again as the sharp pain between my toes returned. When we got back in the car, I was more than happy to take them off!

I decided to never wear flip-flops ever again after that experience. We went to another beach after that, but we went home first so I could throw on my sandals and not have to worry about my feet suffering! My mom decided that I could wear my sandals because she said that I walked like a snail; slowly and clumsily.

When people go to the beach, I suggest they wear either crocs or sandals because they are much more comfortable than flip-flops, and you don't need to worry about your feet getting bruised. You can relax and enjoy yourself.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Emily Zhao is 13 years old. She loves to draw and make art. Here are some of her faves: the colors lavender, white, and black, panda bears, Italian food (pizza!), and the smell of trees. She lives in Andover, Massachusetts and is a student at St. Augustine School. Emily's story is based on a trip she and her family went on last year in Spain.