

The Life of a Boot

The life of a boot is, actually, there is no life of a boot, boring, dull, dreary, sad, miserable and very depressing. Boots are used mainly during the winter. When they are used, they are treated very, very much like dirt. People don't realize it but they are actually hurting the boot. I would hate to be a boot because they kick around snow, walk in slush and get very messy. They actually have no feelings because they are not alive. I can tell they are not alive because they don't eat, breathe, grow and reproduce. I think this report is stupid because it is a ridiculous topic but I will do it anyway. I am so stupid because I name my boots. I have many boots so I name all of them. My blue boots are called bluey and my green boots are called greeny. I know you are glad to know the names of my boots. I know naming my boots is pretty childish but at least I have an imagination. Most boots have a friend to talk, communicate with and share its feelings.

Figure 13.1. Linda's penmanship deteriorates from exposure to the pungent odor of chlorine bleach.